

# PLUCK AND LUCK

## COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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No. 1267

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1922

Price 7 Cents

## CASTAWAY CASTLE;

OR THE HOME OF THE LOST EXPLORERS.

ANOTHER STORY



springing on the steps, Val seized the knife he had found by the savage, and in an instant had cut the cords which bound Val to the stone pillar, and then, with the half-unconscious girl in his arms, stood facing the angry cannibals.





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## CASTAWAY CASTLE

### OR, THE HOME OF THE LOST EXPLORERS

By ALLAN ARNOLD

#### CHAPTER I.—Off to the Wilds.

"Well, Val, we are about to start on the last stage of our journey. You have everything packed?"

"Yes, dad, and I am as eager to start as you are. Think of the wonderful things that we shall see."

"There are dangers, too, Val. The life of an explorer in these wild, almost unknown lands, is not an easy one."

"But think of the glory of it, dad! Some day I hope to be as wise and famous as you, but in the meantime I shall at least share your fortunes and perhaps get some of the fame."

"So you shall, Val, but time presses. The Nantucket sails at noon."

"And Captain Wakefield is a regular Yankee for promptness, as he is for everything energetic and up to the mark."

"He is indeed a very able man, Val, and we are fortunate in sailing on his vessel."

Dr. Mortimer Howard was an American scientist, who, after traveling extensively over his own country, had enlarged the field of his labors, and was now about to start upon a tour of exploration among the many almost unknown islands north of Australia. He had done considerable work of the same nature in Australia itself, but the Island of Papua offered a field almost unworked, and it was thither that he was now bound by the American trading ship Nantucket, Silas Wakefield, master, sailing from Melbourne to the Philippines and thence to China. With the doctor was his only son, Valentine—named for his mother, whose maiden name was the same—although the boy was invariably called Val, which suited him much better than the longer name. He was an only child, and, having lost his mother when a mere baby, had been his father's constant companion since then, being now nearly nineteen, and a fine, manly fellow whom everybody liked. With the doctor also was Prof. Erasmus Valentine, Mrs. Howard's brother, a botanist and entomologist of considerable repute, but of a very eccentric character. He had accompanied the doctor on many of the latter's exploring expeditions, and, next to his father, Val esteemed his queer, crochety uncle above every one, despite his many strange ways and careless habits. Taking with them a few articles of hand-baggage, the last of their belongings that had not been sent on board the ship, Val and his father left the hotel

where they had been stopping for a few days and started for the wharves.

"Oh!" cried Val, suddenly, when they had traversed half the distance. "Where is the professor? Has he gone? I do hope he won't forget all about it, or get on some other vessel by mistake."

"Your uncle left the house some time ago," said Dr. Howard. "He is probably on board by this time."

"Yes, but he is so absent-minded and there isn't much time left. He may have wandered miles away by this time, for all we know."

Dr. Howard laughed, and then said:

"Here is your sailor friend from the ship, Val. Perhaps he has been sent to look us all up. Good-morning, Robert."

"Good-morning, sir," said a bright, merry-looking fellow of about Val's age, who now approached. "You're ready, I see, but where is the professor?"

"Isn't he on board yet, Bob?" asked Val. "You run on, dad, you know the way, and Bob and I will look for Uncle Val."

"Very well, but I think that you will find him when you return to the ship."

"Come on, Bob," said Val to the young sailor. "We'll take to the museums and libraries first. He's sure to be in some of them."

"Somebody took in the Melbourne bank last night," said Bob, with a laugh, "and the queen's officers are anxious to find them."

"What! The bank was robbed?"

"Yes, of a lot of money, nearly a hundred thousand pounds they think."

"Why, I never heard of it!"

"No, they've been trying to keep it quiet, but it leaked out. There were three or four in it, they think, clever fellows, too, none of your ordinary cracksmen."

"Well, I hope they'll catch 'em, but as we are sailing so soon we'll not be likely to hear of it."

"They say they've got the description of two of them, suspicious-looking fellows that had been seen hanging about the city for a few days, but they don't think that they are the principals."

"What was the money in, gold or notes?"

"Both; but a good deal of it was gold, and a fellow can't carry much of that around with him. Some of the notes are Bank of England and some Australian. If the fellows do get away they don't want to carry much of that stuff."

"No. Bank of England notes are good the



world over, but Australian notes would be likely to betray one."

"Hallo! Let's see if there's anything new!" cried Bob, as they reached the office of one of the Melbourne newspapers, where a considerable crowd had congregated. There were bulletins posted at the doors, and the crowd was eagerly scanning them, it being a difficult matter to get anywhere near them on account of the crush. Bob Ratchett was wiry and used to running narrow channels, as he expressed it, and he had little trouble in reaching the bulletin. At that moment several boys came dashing out of the office with bundles of papers under their arms, and the crowd opened.

"'Ere's yer specials, h'all about the robb'ry!" they shouted, in shrill voices. "Got the latest news; two o' the robbers nabbed."

The papers were eagerly bought up at sixpence and even a shilling apiece, the boys often forgetting to give change in their haste to sell out.

"Hallo! There's the professor now!" cried Bob, hurrying forward. "Better get our grapnels on him now, and take him in tow, or he'll get adrift."

A tall, spare man, with an abundance of bushy gray hair and shaggy eyebrows, but having his face closely shaved, was now seen buying a paper of a boy on the outskirts of the crowd. This was Prof. Erasmus Valentine, the eccentric botanist and Val's uncle, for whom the boy had expressed so much anxiety. He wore a suit of black, very shiny in spots and somewhat frayed at the hems and decidedly white at the seams; a broad-brimmed cork hat, fastened to the lapel of his coat by a long hempen cord, white gloves and canvas shoes. He carried in one hand a large, white cotton umbrella, and in the other a small russet leather valise, a tin case for botanical specimens being swung over one shoulder, while under his left arm were numerous books and pamphlets. A pair of heavy, horn-bowed spectacles astride his prominent nose added to his peculiar appearance, which was heightened by the presence of several large and very gay butterflies pinned to the crown of his cork hat. As the boys pushed their way toward him he put his valise, umbrella and newspaper in his right hand, while with his left he felt in his trousers' pocket for some change.

"Come on, uncle, we've no time to lose."

"Time to hoist your mud-hooks, professor."

Then, one holding an arm apiece, the two boys began hurrying the astonished professor away from the crowd.

"Dear me, good gracious, why—what can be the matter?" he exclaimed, glaring first at Val and then at Bob.

"No time to lose, uncle."

"Ship sails in half an hour, sir."

Away went the three, followed hastily by the newsboy, who had no idea of being cheated out of his money in that summary manner.

"Oi say, don't troy to bilk a caove that away," he protested getting in front of the trio.

"What's that, bub?"

"The h'old gent 'asnt paid for 'is paper, that's wot. Don't go fur ther cheek me, for Ah won't 'ave it. Ah'll give yer in chawge, that's wot."

"Dear, dear, good gracious, why, sure enough I

didn't pay the boy," cried the professor, trying to get his hand out of his pocket.

"Never mind, sir, here's two pence," said Bob, tossing two copper coins to the boy.

"Tuppence be blaowed. Ah want a tenner for these specials, Ah do."

"Well, you don't always get what you want," laughed Bob. "The paper's only a penny."

The boy would not have it so, however, and Val tossed him two or three pennies, and said:

"There you are, now go along with you."

"Dear, dear, good gracious, is there such a great hurry?" panted the professor, after the boys had got well out of the throng and were hurrying him along at the same rapid rate.

"Maybe not, sir, so long as we've got you," said Bob, "but we don't want to lose you."

Val had been on board the Nantucket several times in the course of three or four days, and had taken a great liking to Bob, who, in his turn, thought the world of the young explorer. There was another person on the ship for whom Val had taken a decided liking, although he may not yet have fully discovered what everyone else saw. Captain Wakefield was accompanied on this voyage by his daughter, Nellie, a charming girl a year or so younger than Val, and there were many predictions that if the voyage were at all prolonged the young fellow would be apt to lose his heart to her. With her was her cousin, Ethel Wilder, an orphan girl whom the captain was taking care of, and for whom Bob Ratchett had an avowed fondness. The boys and the professor went out to the ship, which was lying in the harbor ready to set sail, in a little boat along with one or two sailors who had been waiting for them. Almost immediately the Nantucket weighed anchor, sail was put upon her, and she glided out of the harbor exactly as the city clocks were striking the hour of noon. Val found his father on the afterdeck in company with a dark-haired, well-dressed man, whom he did not remember to have seen, and who, he judged, must be a passenger, although he did not know of any outside of his own party.

"Val," said Dr. Howard, beckoning to him, "this is my cousin, Mr. Graham Darweigh, of whom you may have heard, although it is several years since I have seen him."

Val tipped his hat while the stranger said, politely, albeit somewhat effusively:

"This is an added pleasure, I assure you. I was greatly surprised to meet my Cousin Howard in these Antipodean regions, and now I am more so."

"I did not know that there were any extra passengers," said Val.

"I only decided to accompany your father within the hour," said the other. "I am considerable of a wanderer, and somewhat of a scientist, although not to the eminent degree that my able cousin is, and it was with a great deal of pleasure to learn, upon my sudden meeting with him in the streets of Melbourne, of his mission."

"And you decided to go with him upon so short a notice?" asked Val.

"Why, yes; but that is nothing. I am quick to make up my mind, and am always ready to form plans at an instant's notice. My wandering habits have accustomed me to that. By George! That's a pretty girl! I did not dream that we were to



have the pleasure of ladies' society. Who is she, pray?"

"She is the skipper's daughter," said Val, curtly, as he hurried to join Nellie, who had just come from the cabin.

"I don't like the fellow," he muttered, "and I wouldn't trust him any more than I would one of the savages of the lands to which we are bound."

As Val hurried away, the professor came up, holding a newspaper in his hand.

"Dear, dear, good gracious, what a shocking—what did you say, doctor?"

"My cousin, Graham Darkleigh. You have heard of him, no doubt?"

"Dear, dear, good gracious, yes. How do you do, sir?" and the professor absent-mindedly folded the newspaper and put it in an inside pocket of his coat, forgetting to shake hands with the polite Mr. Graham Darwleigh, Dr. Howard's cousin.

## CHAPTER II.—The Shipwreck.

"Call all hands! In with your tops'ls there! Luff her up a bit! Lively now, bullies! Home with everything! Look sharp, there, Mr. Banks! Here she comes!"

A sudden squall had burst upon the Nantucket, almost without warning, in the middle of the night. They were seven or eight days out from Melbourne, and had averaged two hundred miles a day for the run thus far, having had favorable winds, and the Nantucket being a stanch ship and a good sailer. Suddenly, in the middle of the night the mate's voice sounds shrill and clear above the noise of the quickly awakened tempest, and every sailor on board hastens to do his utmost for the safety of the ship. They are in a dangerous sea. There are treacherous reefs, cross currents, and sudden squalls to guard against, and at the word almost those below came hurrying up, half dressed and scarcely awake, in answer to the hasty summons. Val and Bob are awake and on deck as soon as anyone, working like beavers to save the ship. Val had been at sea many times before, and knows almost as much about a ship as he does of scientific matters. He has been a great deal on deck during the last eight days, and has often taken a hand with Bob at the wheel or aloft, doing all he can, and constantly adding to his stock of knowledge. As he now works at his chum's side hauling away on a halliard, he becomes aware of a slight form at his elbow.

"Hello! Who is this?"

"It's me, sir—Dick," answers the little cabin-boy, a mere lad.

"Well, well, you're a plucky fellow, Dick. This work is too much for you, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no, sir; I can't do much, but I'm bound to do something," answered the boy, in his shrill voice, heard above the roar of the gale.

"Ha! and I'll be bound that your little is a good deal more than my polite cousin's," muttered Val. "I'll warrant that Mr. Graham Darkleigh is not doing as much at this moment."

"I'm sure he ain't," said Bob in Val's ear. "I don't like that chap, and if the old ship has bad luck, it's all on account of his being on board."

"Stand by there!" shouted the captain, hoarse-

ly, at that moment, as a blinding flash rent the black darkness of the heavens.

A great wall of water fathoms high was seen rushing upon them, threatening to carry all before it and swamp the ship. The man at the wheel tried to meet it head on, but was scarcely quick enough. Val seized the cabin boy with an arm as the huge sea broke over the bow, rushed to the rail, and was in the rigging as it swept past. Bob had seized a rack on the mast, and had swung himself up and clear of the rushing waters none too soon. With a mighty roar the surge swept aft, smashed the skylight, flooded the cabin, and carried two or three poor fellows into the sea. Another and another giant wave rushed upon them, and then in a moment the wind died out completely and they lay becalmed.

"Stand by for stays!" roared the skipper. "We'll have it from the other quarter directly."

The maneuver was executed none too quickly. When the gale burst forth again the vessel was happily running almost before it. A quick movement of the wheel sufficed to put the wind dead aft, and the good ship sped before it like a giant bird with fully extended wings. On and on she flew, but soon the great waves came hurrying one after another upon her, and she was in great danger of being pooped. The waves traveled faster than the wind, and before long two or three broke in rapid succession upon the quarter, rushing forward and carrying everything movable before them. At the imminent risk of their lives the brave skipper contrived to so alter the waves, for it was impossible to put her head to the wind, crippled as they were. For hours they scudded on, and when morning came they were still dashing ahead in a vain attempt to out-sail the storm. All that day and the next they flew before the gale, seeing nothing of the sun, and unable to take any bearings. The compass in the binnacle and the tell-tale over the skipper's bunk had both been broken, and on they sped, whither they knew not, trusting only to the Ruler of wind and wave to bring them safe out of their peril. At last, in the wildest and darkest hour of the night, they heard the awful cry:

"Breakers ahead!"

"Stand by!" roared the captain. "It may be only a reef."

The sound of the breakers was too dull and heavy for that. They were being driven upon a lee shore. They could see absolutely nothing, for sea and sky were alike as black as the pit. At length the roar of the breakers drowned all other sounds, there came an awful crash, the ship seemed to quiver in every joint, the waters were all around them, and the hour of their annihilation seemed at hand. Another shock, a grinding, crushing, rending sound, a terrible upheaval, a rush of waters, a final shock, and then oblivion.

A battered, dismasted ship lay upon her side, half submerged upon a spur of jagged rocks extending from a rugged coast, here a small stretch of beach, beyond a line of high mountains with a fertile valley between. On the beach lay the dead bodies of two or three sailors, half covered with sand and weed. Not far away lay two bodies not dead, perhaps, for there was a faint color in their cheeks, but as motionless as those others close at



hand. The waves broke over the line of rocks, not furiously, but constantly, while the sun shone down warmly upon the scene of death and shipwreck, and the wind toyed with the damp locks of one of the castaways as though caring nothing for the havoc that had been wrought. Suddenly a young man comes from behind a great mass of rock well up from the stretch of beach. He looks upon the wrecked ship, sighs, and then hurries down to the water.

"Bob—Dick!" he cries. "Someone at least is alive besides myself. Dick—Bob! Wake up!"

The young sailor moves, open his eyes, sits up, rises slowly to his feet, and cries:

"Val, old shipmate! Thank God! Give me your hand, my boy! Hello, Dick, lad! Arouse yourself. The watch is called."

The cabin boy arises, heaves a great sob, and falls into Val's arms. Those others lying on the wet sand make no sign, nor ever will they, for they have entered the port whence there is no return.

"Have you seen anything of the rest, Val?"

"No, I have just awakened. Let us search. Yonder, beyond the point, there may be another stretch of beach."

As the three moved forward a strange, gaunt figure appeared, jumping from one bare rock to another.

"Professor ahoy!" shouted Bob.

"Dear, dear! Good gracious! How you startled me!" cried the professor, suddenly sitting down in a pool of water.

"Have you seen father? Have you seen the skipper, uncle?" cried Val, running forward and helping his worthy relative to get upon his feet. The professor wore his cork hat and horn-framed spectacles, carried his white umbrella in his hand, and had his tin case slung over his shoulder.

"Dear, dear, good gracious, no, I have not. How you did surprise me. No, I have seen no one. Oh, but yes, excuse me, your cousin Graham is there, beyond the point."

"Cousin Graham doesn't count," said Val, with a look of disgust. "Poor dad, I shall miss him! Haven't you seen anything of him, uncle, or of the girls?"

Before the professor could reply a figure appeared on the sloping deck of the wrecked ship, and called out:

"Ahoy, there, white folks! Le's pray," and in an instant a burly negro sprang into the sea and swam to land.

"Hallo, there's Neb," cried Bob. "Hallo, cook, you're alive, are you?"

"Yes, Marse Robert, I is. Bredren, le's pray! De good Lawd hab sated some ob us, and mebbey dey is mo' ob us."

The negro, who was called Nebuchadnezzar by himself and Ned by everyone else, had been the cook on the Nantucket, and was considerable of a character. He was deeply religious, like most of his race, but if there were anything to be done he could take a hand with the best, his invariable remark upon such occasions, however, being "Bredren, le's pray."

"Is there no one else on board, Neb?" asked Val, eagerly.

"Yes, Marse Wallentine, dere am de lilly missy."

"Nellie Wakefield?"

"No, sah, but she cousin, Missy Effel."

Val turned away with a sob, and Bob said hurriedly:

"We must get her on shore at once, Neb, before the tide rises, as it's sure to do, and breaks up the old ship. Is there a good boat on board, Neb?"

"Reckon dey am, Marse Robert, but Brudder Nebuchadnezzar, an' dat's me, am ob de 'pinion dat he can tote de young lady to sho' froo de shallers on him sojers, ober de rocks. Le's pray."

Thereupon Neb ran along shore to the rocks, and made his way across them to the ship, climbing up the side like a monkey, and quickly disappearing. The others followed, but as they reached the spur of jagged rocks, Graham Darkleigh appeared, making his way along the stretch of beach beyond.

"Oh, this is, indeed, a pleasure," he said, with a smile, showing all his white teeth. "I was afraid that the learned Prof. Valentine and myself were the only survivors of last night's terrible business."

No one answered, for at that moment Neb appeared on deck, bearing Ethel in his arms. He made his way over the side, and in a few minutes was on shore.

"Will it be possible to recover anything from the wreck?" asked Darkleigh, with the least shade of anxiety upon his face.

"We've got to do it," muttered Bob. "Here we are, we don't know where, and no way of getting off, and of course we've got to live. We must get things from the vessel."

"Dear, dear, good gracious! There's all my butterflies and beetles, and my speech before the Royal Society," said the professor, "to say nothing of my money. Is your money on board, sir?" turning to Darkleigh.

"Oh, no—that is, no great amount, but I have some important papers which I would be sorry——"

"Ahoy!" suddenly sounded from behind, and, turning, the party saw three sailors just rounding a mass of rocks at the further end of the beach.

The men soon came up, and proved to be two of the foremast hands and the carpenter of the Nantucket. They had not seen the captain nor Dr. Howard, nor any of the other sailors, there being still two or three missing, in addition to the steward, the boatswain, and the two mates. The work upon the vessel was now begun, all the men taking a hand in it except Val's polite cousin, who stood looking on, now and then making suggestions, but not offering to do anything himself. Even Dick, the little cabin boy, did what he could, while Darkleigh looked on.

They worked for hours getting out the things likely to be injured by the water, and leaving the sea to send in the rest when the vessel broke up. Then Val, Bob and Dick started toward the little valley they had seen, in search of wood and water, and for any sign of animal or vegetable food. As they entered the valley Dick pointed to a hill not far distant, and said:

"See! there is an old stone house or ruin on top of the rock. Someone must have lived here before."

"Hardly," said Val, "or a long time ago, if at all. The thing does look like a ruin, for all that."



It is probably a cave of some sort, and will make us a good house."

"House!" echoed Bob. "It's a regular castle. We could hold it against any number of savages."

"Then let us live there!" cried Val. "And it shall be our castle sure enough."

"Castaway Castle," said Dick.

"That's it!" cried Val. "You discovered the place, and shall give it a name, old chap. Castaway Castle it is, and our home while we remain in this strange land."

"Look!" cried Bob. "There are trees, and water, too, I'll be bound. Yes, and the trees are good for something—breadfruit, bananas, and palms."

As they hurried on a small animal, looking like a pig, suddenly darted out of a thicket, and scampered across their path.

"And fresh meat," added Bob, with a laugh. "Our cuticle is safe."

### CHAPTER III.—Moving In.

Castaway Castle proved to be, as Val had said, an old ruin; evidently inhabited many ages before by a people long since forgotten. It stood at the summit of an immense rock, and was in part formed of the latter, certain rooms having been dug from the solid stone. The built portion, constructed of great granite blocks, was not more than a story in height, but below this were flights of steps, some spiral, others straight, and several rooms, all made by cutting away the rock. Here and there were windows, cut through the face of the cliff, surrounded by strangely carved frames, the main entrance being flanked by two giant figures of men, carved in stone, fully ten feet in height.

These stone images did not appear to represent any living race, being different in feature and dress to any people that the explorers had seen. The main doorway was twelve feet in width and fifteen in height, the two figures standing first on pedestals, and bearing great crowns on their heads, upon which rested a huge square block which formed the upper part of the doorway. In the large chamber to which this doorway led there were numerous stone figures standing in niches around the wall, figures of men and of animals, some strange and unrecognizable. Many niches were empty, and in some the figures had fallen from their pedestals, while in one corner were several broken figures that may have once occupied niches in the wall. There was one story at least below this, but none lower, as far as the explorers could determine, there being no steps to be seen, at all events, although here and there the floor sounded hollow, as if there might be open spaces beneath.

The uppermost or built story was surmounted by a square tower twenty feet high, and not more than six feet on each side, the center forming a well, access being had to the top by means of inland planes, running around the sides one above another. The top was open, but there were two deep indentations directly opposite each other, in which there had evidently at one time been passed a heavy beam from which depended a

bell or gong, the sound of which had summoned the inhabitants to the strange rites they practiced. That the place had been a temple was evident from the character of the sculptures and from the presence of several unmistakable altars. It had not been used for generations, perhaps centuries, for the dust lay thick in the lower rooms, and over the upper portions vines had thickly clambered, covering some of the windows and loosening many of the stone blocks. The upper story had four or five separate rooms, and was well adapted for a dwelling, with certain improvements easily within the power of the occupants to make.

The place was approached by a winding stairway cut in the rock, very narrow and very steep at certain points, and it would have been no difficult task for two or three to hold it against hundreds. Val proposed that they occupy the place at once, and that the remainder of the day be given up to removing the stores thither. It was found difficult to ascend the winding steps with heavy bundles, however, and it was therefore determined to rig up some sort of hoisting apparatus at the top, and thus solve the problem. That night they slept in Castaway Castle, such of the stores as they most needed being taken up, the rest of what they had already secured being at the foot of the cliff a hundred feet below. Val had secured his own and his father's rifles, fowling pieces and heavy guns, together with a large supply of ammunition in good condition, these being indispensable to one obliged to sustain life by means of his own exertions. Having worked hard all day the castaways retired as soon as it grew dark, no guards being posted, as that was not considered necessary. Within the fire burned low, and gave forth only a glimmer, while without, the countless stars twinkled, and over all rested a deep silence. The moon had not yet arisen, and all was dark in the valley below, the trees and the great rock of Castaway Castle throwing deep shadows, relieved here and there by the reflection of some particularly bright star in the little river winding its way like a silver ribbon to the sea.

After sleeping something less than an hour, Val awoke and with an indefinable feeling of unrest at his heart arose and walked to one of the vine-embowered windows. Pushing the foliage aside, he looked out and gave a sudden start. In the valley below twinkled a light as of a campfire. Presently he saw other lights moving to and fro, and heard the faint hum of voices.

"It must be some of the survivors," he mused, "perhaps my father, and the skipper or Nellie. Perhaps I ought to hail them or show a light."

As he moved toward the fire where he intended to take a brand, Bob awoke, sat up, and said:

"Did I hear someone talking, or did I dream it?"

"You heard me," answered Val. "Come here a moment, Bob, old man!"

Bob followed Val to the window, looked down into the valley, and said:

"Lights! Then maybe the others are all right, after all."

"Suppose we hail them?"

"No, no, wait! It is just possible that these people are not our friends. Suppose we go down there."



"Good; but we will need to be armed. There may be wild animals prowling about."

"Yes, we'd better take a couple of rifles."

As the boys descended the zig-zag path they could see that there were more lights, and that they were all moving toward one central point at the upper end of the valley. There were a dozen or more in all, but many came together as they moved forward and were soon merged into three or four only.

"The men may be out searching for us," said Val. "Perhaps they found the grave on the beach where we buried those poor fellows, and so know that some of us still live."

"Perhaps," answered Bob.

Reaching the bottom of the path, the boys proceeded toward the upper end of the valley, which they had not visited during the day, having only gone so far as Castaway Castle. At times they were unable to see the lights on account of the density of the foliage, and again they would see them shining out like beacons to guide them on their way. The road was generally an easy one to follow, although now and then a swampy place or a mass of rocky ledge or a growth of tangled shrubbery and creeping vines would cause them to make a detour.

At last they saw the fires more plainly, while looking back for an instant they could see the vine-growing tower of Castaway Castle bathed in a flood of yellow moonlight. Then they heard voices singing, but the song was none that they knew.

"Go easy, matey," said Bob, in a low tone. "There chaps are not our shipmates, I'll be bound."

Proceeding with the utmost caution the two boys at length entered a grove, surrounding a central opening where a bright fire was burning, before which sat or stood more than a hundred strange looking men and women. The men were nearly naked, but the women wore short skirts of soft, clinging cloth, reaching from their waists to just below the knee. The men carried clubs, lances, short spears and knives, and were altogether a formidable-looking set.

Placed upon the fire at intervals were great stone pots, from which steam arose, and into which one or two of the women would now and then throw handfuls of sweet herbs. At one side of the fire was a circular platform of stone, five or six feet in height, and approached by steps, and at one point of this was what looked like a pillar draped with white cloth. Suddenly the full, round moon, a huge yellow disk, arose above the low tops of the trees behind the altar, and at the same moment a man ascended the steps. The boys scarcely dared breathe as they looked on, wondering what sort of strange ceremonial was about to take place.

Outlined against the great disk of the moon, looking like a figure carved in ebony, they saw the head and body of the savage. Then, with a quick motion, he threw aside the white draperies covering the stone pillar. Bound to this, and wearing only a loose white robe, was a young girl, whose golden hair fell in a shower upon her fair shoulders. Val was about to utter a cry when Bob stopped him. Then, thrown into bold relief by the moonlight, the brutal black sud-

denly raised a long, glittering knife above his head, and advanced a pace. The whole truth burst upon Val in an instant. These people were cannibals.

They were now about to prepare one of their awful feasts. A low moan suddenly escaped the lips of the captive. Then she turned her head so that the moon shone full in her face. Val felt all the blood freeze in his veins. Then he was all on fire.

"Nellie!" he gasped. "My God! this must not be, it shall not!"

Then, in an instant, before Bob could detain him, he had sprang right in the open space before the altar, surrounded by a hundred evil-browed savages.

#### CHAPTER IV.—A Running Fight.

For a moment after Val's sudden appearance among them the savages seemed petrified. Then, with fierce, guttural cries, they sprang to their feet. A forest of brandished spears, clubs and knives surrounded the rash boy. Directly before him, on the stone platform, stood the high-priest, knife in hand. In another second it would have been buried in the bosom of the captive. Val thought not of his own peril, but only of that of his loved one.

Without a tremor he threw his rifle to his shoulder. With unerring air he sent a bullet straight to the brain of the hideous savage. The knife in the brutal captive's upraised hand fell with a clatter upon the stone steps, while, with scarcely a cry, the man sank first to his knees, and then plunged headlong. Springing up the steps, Val seized the knife let fall by the savage, and in an instant had cut the cords which bound Nellie to the stone pillar, and then, with the half unconscious girl in his arms, stood facing the angry cannibals.

They glared furiously at the grave boy, and then poised their weapons as they began closing in upon him. Suddenly Bob sprang forward, and poured shot after shot into the ranks of the cannibals. One cartridge after another was put in place, the empty shells falling to the ground. The cannibals retreated in terror, for such a terrible weapon as Bob's rifle had never been known.

"Come on, Val!" cried the young sailor, dashing forward.

Val ran down the stone steps with Nellie in his arms.

"You go first!" urged Bob, "and I'll cover your retreat."

The light of the moon now shone full and clear across their path, as the boys hastened from the grove. For a few moments they were not pursued. They were thus enabled to reach the open ground. Suddenly, however, loud shouts were heard. The cannibals had recovered from their first feeling of terror. They now swarmed from the grove in hot pursuit.

"Make haste!" gasped Bob, glancing back over his shoulder.

Then he threw his rifle into position and fired as he ran. One of the foremost cannibals fell in his tracks with a piercing cry. It was echoed by fierce shouts, as the others pressed forward.



"Hurry, Val, hurry!" cried Bob, slapping a fresh cartridge into his rifle.

Crack! Another shot rang out upon the air and another savage fell dead. Val was considerably in advance of Bob, who kept urging him forward. The brave sailor discharged his piece, reloaded, and fired again in rapid succession. Fortunately he had thought to supply himself with an abundance of cartridges before leaving Castaway Castle. Although terrified by the noise and the deadly effect of the unknown weapons used by the strangers, the cannibals yet pressed forward.

They held life in little esteem, and the loss of so many of their companions did not deter the rest. The strangers had carried off their intended victim, and must be made to suffer for it. On they came and now a shower of short spears, clubs and stones flew about the heads of the boys. Along the path they ran at full speed, the moon giving them all the light they wanted. It enabled their enemies to see them also, and with ear-splitting cries the cannibals pressed on. Burdened as he was with the weight of Nellie, Val could not run fast and Bob was forced to hang back in order to let his friend keep in advance. Suddenly a giant form is seen hurrying towards them from the direction of Castaway Castle.

"We are lost!" cried Val. "They are surrounding us!"

"Neber gib up de ship, Marse Valentine," cries a well-known voice. "Dese am troublesome times, bred'ren. Le's pray!"

With that the big negro suddenly whipped two revolvers from his belt, dashed past Bob and opened fire upon the cannibals.

"Put me down, Val, and let me run ahead," cried Nellie. "I am only hindering you."

The young explorer did as the girl wished and joined Bob and Neb. The three now poured such a deadly fire into the savage ranks, discharging their pieces as they steadily retreated, that the cannibals were forced to make a halt. Val sprang forward, seized Nellie's hand and cried:

"Look! Yonder is our house up there on the rocks. That is Castaway Castle, and once we reach the path we are safe."

"I'll take care of her, Mr. Val," cried a boyish voice at that moment, "while you hold these fellows in check."

It was Dick who had spoken, the boy having suddenly appeared as if from the very ground. Lights now flashed from the tower and along the pathway leading to Castaway Castle. Dick hurried on with Nellie, and the three defenders made a halt and opened fire again upon the enemy. Shots now rang out from Castaway Castle itself, there being light enough to show the position of the cannibals while the assailants stood in the shadow of the great rock. The sailors rapidly descending the winding path with blazing torches in their hands soon joined the two boys and Neb, while Dick showed Nellie the way up to the castle. The cannibals, persistent to the last, had again pressed forward, evidently resolved to capture the brave boys, even if they lost half their entire force.

Up the path ran the whites, pausing at the first turn and preparing to make a determined stand. The savages followed with hoarse cries.

hurling spears, arrows, stones and clubs at the enemy. Suddenly a strange figure appeared upon the second landing above where the whites stood.

"Dear, dear, good gracious, these outrageous fellows must not be allowed to come any further."

Crash! Some heavy body was suddenly precipitated from the ledge. It crashed down upon the cannibals, grinding many under its great weight, and then rolling on, hurled many more from the steep path.

"De day ob triberlation am come!" cried Neb. "Bred'ren, le's pray."

This was the signal for a rush from the huge negro, who suddenly darted forward, firing right and left. This last assault threw the cannibals into a state of utter demoralization. They fled in the utmost terror and did not return.

"We heard the firing," said Dick to Val, "and missed you, and then Neb said, 'Le's pray, bred'ren,' and hurried away down the path as if he had wings."

"Dear, dear, good gracious! What induced you to go among those terrible people?" asked the professor.

"Well, we did not know they were there," answered Val, "but I'm glad we went now, for we never would have saved Nellie if we had not."

They all returned to the house on top of the rock, where Ethel received Nellie with open arms. Two of the sailors were left on guard at the main entrance to watch for the approach of the enemy, as it was just possible that they might return. Val, Bob, the two girls and Dick sat by the fire in the upper rooms, chatting away for an hour or more after the return.

"Have you seen your father or mine?" asked Val of Nellie.

"No, not since the wreck," said the girl. "I was on deck at the time we struck, and was carried overboard by a huge wave before I could cry out or attempt to save myself."

I remained on top of the wave owing to the buoyancy of my dress and skirts, and did not lose consciousness for some time, although I was dreadfully frightened.

"Then I was suddenly thrown on shore, and the wave retreated, leaving me in a niche high up among some rocks."

"After this I either fainted or fell asleep, for I knew nothing till I felt the morning air blowing upon my face and saw the sun shining upon the waves outside."

"There seemed to be no safe way down from my lofty perch, but the place I was in seemed to extend back for some distance, and I tried to find some other way out."

"In certain places the way was very narrow, but I could see the firm ground, the green grass and the waving trees beyond, and so I pushed on, hoping to meet some survivor of the wreck."

"At last I came out upon a grassy slope with a little valley lying just below, and in the distance a great mass of rock looking like a castle."

"That's what it was—Castaway Castle," laughed Dick, "and a fine place it is."

"I had just reached the bottom of the slope, and was trying to find my bearings, when out of a mass of low trees and bushes rushed a dozen or more nearly naked savages with shining black



skins, heads of woolly hair and strangely-painted faces.

"Terrified beyond measure, I endeavored to flee, but they quickly surrounded me and dragged me off a long way to a collection of peak roofed huts, with entrances so small that the men were obliged to crawl upon their hands and knees to get in.

"I remained with the savages until to-night, when they were about to sacrifice me, and but for your brave attack I would now——"

"Say no more about it," said Val. "It was by the merest good fortune that I awoke and saw the lights in the valley."

"And my poor father?"

"We have seen nothing of him, nor the doctor, nor the two mates," said Bob. "Some of the sailors are missing, too, and some of the poor fellows are dead."

"The others may have wandered off to another part of the coast. Where are we, in Australia?"

"I think not," said Bob. "The sun isn't right for that."

"Then we are on an island?"

"The land reaches as far as I can see," said Val, "and if it is an island it must be a big one. I'm sure I don't know where we are."

"No more do I," said Bob, "but we may be able to find out. Hallo, Dick is getting sleepy, and I think we'd better all turn in, for some of us will want to relieve the watch after a bit."

"I'd as lief go now," said Val, "and get my sleep later. I know it'll be hard for me to wake up, after all I've done to-day, if I go to sleep now."

The two boys relieved the sailors who went off to bed in a room over the great main entrance. An hour or two later, as Val was pacing to and fro on the broad terrace in front of the huge doorway, the moon riding high in the heavens and flooding the valley with light, his quick ear detected a slight sound below, as of a stone being loosened under the foot of some one ascending the path.

"Sh!" he said to Bob. "There's someone coming up the path."

Bob had seated himself on an overturned stone figure just outside the entrance, and he now arose and walked cautiously forward. Leaning over the low parapet which flanked the terrace at this point, he looked down and muttered:

"Yes, I see him; he's crawling up on hands and knees. Stay where you are; you're in the shadow and I'll give this fellow a warm reception presently."

Below, ascending the steep path, Bob could see a long, dark object making his way stealthily and rapidly upward.

"There must be two of 'em close together," he whispered. "One man isn't as long as that. Be ready to fire when I give the word."

"There are not more than two?" asked Val, anxiously.

"No, only two, but how they do get over the ground. Stand by, Val, we'll have to open fire on 'em in a second."

The approaching cannibals, as Val never doubted they were, had now reached a point in the path that was in the full moonlight.

"Bob," said Val, hoarsely, "that is not two men."

"What is it, then?"

"A wild animal, a tiger or a panther or some kind of cat. This old ruin must be his home, and he's returning to it."

"By George, then it's worse than we thought."

At that moment the huge creature gave a great bound and landed within twenty feet of the boys.

"Let him have it!" cried Bob, in great excitement. "Let him have it before he springs again!" and as he spoke he fired point blank at the two fiery eyes shining out from the darkness.

## CHAPTER V.—Dick's Discovery—Val a Prisoner.

The huge cat made a spring just as Bob fired. In another second Val fired as the animal was in the air. There was a terrible roar and then the creature fell right at Val's feet. Bob had reloaded by this time, and in an instant he had sent a bullet right into the mouth of the terrible beast, now writhing in pain and uttering the most fearful cries. The sailors, Neb and the professor came hurrying down the stone steps and out upon the terrace.

"It isn't as bad as we thought," said Bob. "It's only a panther, but he's dead now."

The beast lay quite still, and Bob struck him with the barrel of his rifle. In an instant the creature sprang up and hurled himself upon the young sailor.

"Bredren, le's pray," said Neb, quietly, but as he spoke he leaped forward and drove a long, keen knife right up to the hilt in the brute's side.

"De services am ober, and we will now take up a collection fo' de benefit ob de headen in far off lan's," he said, quietly, withdrawing the knife and wiping it upon his boot.

The creature was dead, but if it had not been for Neb's coolness and courage, it might have fared badly with Bob.

"Dear, dear, good gracious, we've got to look out for savage beasts as well as savage men at Castaway Castle," muttered the professor. "It mustn't be so easy for them to get up to us."

"We'll have rope ladders rigged up to-morrow," said Val, "and cut away the lower part of the path. Castaway Castle must be impregnable if we are to live in it in safety."

"Quite a practical suggestion, Cousin Val," said Darkleigh, coming forward, "and one that should be acted upon."

He had just appeared and seemed to have taken no part in the defense of Castaway Castle, although no one could say that he had not come out as soon as any.

"Dear, dear, good gracious! I had a notion you were fast asleep," said the professor. "One would fancy that you were accustomed to going around in the dark, like cats and burglars and such stealthy animals."

Graham Darkleigh laughed a short, dry laugh, and turned his head as the light of a torch, held by Neb, flashed in his face.

"Dat am a putty big animile to go snoopin' around' in de dark, Marse Gray Ham," said Neb, "but him got velvet shoes an' don' make no noise. Ef he was a honest fellah like a horse, den you head him long way off. Le's pray!"



"Let's go to bed, you mean," laughed the carpenter. "If I've got to rig up tackles and such in the morning, I want to get some sleep."

In a few moments Val and Bob were left alone again, and as they paced the terrace in the moonlight, Bob asked:

"What made your cousin turn red when the professor spoke about cats and burglars going about in the dark?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. He says a good many strange things."

"Yes, and hits the mark, too. He don't like Darkleigh, I guess."

"I don't like him myself," said Val, hotly. "He's with Nellie every chance he gets, or was, during the voyage, and I suppose he'll want to do the same thing now."

"Didn't it strike you as queer, his coming with us at such short notice?"

"Oh, I don't know. He met dad and concluded to go with him, that's all, but I wish he hadn't just the same."

"And that was the day the bank was robbed in Melbourne."

"What has that got to do with it?" asked Val, laughing.

"Oh, nothing, I dare say," answered Bob, carelessly. "I just happened to think of it, that's all."

After that nothing was said for some time, the boys standing at the parapet gazing down upon the valley, or further away, at the sea, dancing and sparkling in the moonlight. In the morning everybody went to work at getting more supplies ashore from the wreck and putting Castaway Castle into the best possible condition, both as regarded defense and a place to live. The wreck had not yet broken up, but there was much more water in the hold than at first, and it was impossible to reach the larger part of its contents. The cabins were stripped, doors taken off, windows removed, chairs and tables carried out—and, in short, everything made use of that could be. All the party went armed, and someone was left at the castle at all times, ready to give the signal in case the savages appeared. Nothing was seen of them during the morning, and the work progressed rapidly until noon. It was agreed that as little time as possible should be spent over eating and cooking, but Neb had prepared a luncheon, and precisely at noon he blew a horn from the tower window and summoned the castaways to their midday meal. They all went trooping up the path, when Val, who was in the rear with Dick, suddenly paused when about two-thirds of the way up to the main entrance.

"There's something I never noticed before," he said, pointing to a few scattered bones which lay in a sort of recess in the rock.

"What sort of bones are they?" asked Dick, stooping.

"Some kind of animals', I guess."

"Hello!" cried the boy, whose body was now half hidden from sight.

He had evidently discovered a cavity of some sort.

"Well, Dick, what's up?"

"There's a hole here, and it goes right through the rock."

"Follow it up, old man."

In another moment Dick had entirely disappeared. Then he was heard calling within:

"I say, there's a big cave here, and—and some steps."

"What's that, Dick?"

"There's a flight of steps. Have you a light?"

"I'll have one in a minute," and Val crawled through the opening where Dick had disappeared.

It was between three and four feet in height, and one had to stoop in passing through it. Val was presently able to stand upright, and striking a match upon his boot, held it aloft and waited for it to burn brighter. What he saw was a circular cave about ten feet in diameter and fifteen feet high at the center. At one side was a flight of stone steps running around the wall, the steps being a foot or more apart.

"I'll bet this leads to the room under the main floor," said Val. "You know we found hollow places here and there."

The young fellow then made his way carefully upward, lighting one match after another. Presently he came to a point where the steps were inclosed on all sides, having evidently been cut through the solid rock. Then his feeble light showed a stone slab placed over the highest step.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "I say, Dick, run up there, go into the cellar, as we call it, and see if you can locate this slab."

"Ay, ay, sir!" and Dick struck the stone on his side.

"That's it! Get some one to lift it. Do you find an edge that you can pry up?"

"Ay, ay!" and in a few moments the slab was lifted up, and a flood of light from two or three torches fell upon the young explorer.

"That's good! We have another way of getting in here—a sort of back door," laughed Val, as he stepped out and saw Bob and the carpenter standing with Dick.

"We'd better close up our back door, I think," said Bob. "We don't want too many ways of getting in here. Some one might take advantage of them that we might not want to have visit us."

Then they all went up to the built part of Castaway Castle, leaving uncovered the steps leading to Tiger's Cave, as they had agreed to call it.

"Perhaps there are other vaults below the Tiger's Cave," suggested Darkleigh, when Val was talking about his discovery. "It might be a good thing to know of more, for who knows but that we may have to take refuge in them?"

"Oh, there may be some," said Val, carelessly, "but no one cares to go prowling about underground."

After luncheon was over Val took a torch, intending to go out by way of the Tiger's Cave, as it saved a considerable distance, the outside path being much longer. Reaching the bottom of the cave he prowled about for a few moments, and suddenly felt a draught of air from a direction opposite the opening that Dick had found. Impelled by curiosity, he held his torch close to the ground and suddenly discovered a small opening in the floor of the cave. This he enlarged by pulling away one stone after another until it was large enough to admit his body.



Then he suddenly discovered a regularly built stone stairway leading down, and curious to know more of this strange place he hurriedly descended, holding the torch before him.

After descending more than a hundred steps, the stairway taking several turns, he came out into a large, comparatively low chamber, where the air felt damp and cold. The floor was rough and uneven, and more than once the boy stumbled as he made his way across it. The chamber seemed to be of great extent; indeed, he could not see the end of it with the insufficient light he had.

"I'll have to come again," he muttered. "It won't do to go too far in an unknown place like this. I might get lost."

He readily found the flight of steps by which he had descended and ran lightly up them, holding his torch in front of him as before. Suddenly he paused, terror-stricken. The opening by which he had entered the place was closed. There was no escape. He was a prisoner underground.

A large slab of stone had been placed over it. Some one had done it, that was certain. But Val now made another discovery. There was another opening; his torch showed it. He entered it and proceeded for a long distance, sometimes ascending and again descending. At last he came out into a natural basin, into which the sun shone. The sides were high and precipitous. He followed the ravine until he came to a stream, across which a sort of natural bridge spanned. It was high in the air and treacherous. He started to cross, when a stone turned his foot and he slipped and just saved himself by clutching hold of a projecting stone. But just at this moment a young man attired as a sailor appeared on the scene. It was Bob. Like a shot Bob dashed forward on the bridge and seized Val's wrists and held him suspended over the torrent.

Val had not been missed until the castaways had been working for some time at the wreck. Then Bob, making inquiry, learned he had started for the tiger's cave. He took a course which led around the rocks, followed by the professor and Dick. After a long walk Bob came to a deep ravine and perceiving Val at the bottom of it walking along, he clambered down its side just in time to come to the rescue of Val, as we have seen above. Bob shouted for the professor and Dick to come to his assistance, and they soon appeared, and soon Val was upon terra firma again. Then they all proceeded back towards the cave, when suddenly they came across a camp, where were seated half a dozen as evil-looking men as Bob had ever seen. They were dressed in French convict clothes. The leader addressed Val in French, which the boy understood. He said they were shipwrecked sailors. But Val knew otherwise. He feared they had fallen in bad company. Val looked around and observed that Dick was missing. He was assured that the boy had suspected trouble and had gone to the castle for help.

Suddenly at an order from the leader, the convicts advanced upon Val's party. But our friends now presented their rifles and the villains paused. They again made a rush, when Dick, Neb and three sailors sprang into the open. Dick had arrived with help just in the nick of time. Then

Val and the others set out for Castaway Castle, leaving the convicts gazing at them.

On the fifth day after meeting the convicts Graham Darkleigh, wandering around, came suddenly upon a man.

"Ah! eet ees my old friend Darklee, is it not?" asked the convict, for it was one of them.

"What, you Desbains?" muttered the other.

"You see me here in exile, while you escaped in good time," said the convict.

Then the two conversed for a long time, and you can imagine it was about the castaways they were talking and planning about.

## CHAPTER VI.—The Castle In a State of Siege.

Besides attending to the comfort and defense of Castaway Castle, the lost explorers thought of other things. From the very nature of the place it became an observation, or watch tower, from the first. On top of the tower a flagstaff was erected, and from this there always floated a signal flag to attract passing vessels. Then, too, at spare moments some one of the party would go into the tower and scan the horizon with a powerful spyglass brought from the cabin of the Nantucket, which had been the especial property of Captain Wakefield.

It happened one day that young Dick, being alone in the castle, went into the tower to take an observation, more from the lack of something to do than with any idea of seeing anything. Straddling the beam which had been placed in the holes at the top, with his telescope in hand, Dick rested the instrument upon the edge of the wall and gazed about him. He took in the valley and then swept his eye along the coast, suddenly pausing and muttering to himself:

"Hallo!—Who's that down there on the shore near where the vessel came in? Two men? Yes, but who are they?"

Focussing the glass so that he could see as clearly as possible, Dick took another look at the men on the beach. He instantly recognized them, not by their faces, which he could scarcely see, but by their dress. One was Graham Darkleigh and the other the leader of the party of convicts.

"Well, well, Mr. Darkleigh is in fine company. I must say. It might be accident, of course, but he's just the sort of fellow, to my mind, that would stop and talk to that villainous Frenchman."

"Hallo! he's telling the Frenchman something that he doesn't want even the wind to hear, bending over and speaking in the villain's ear, eh? Then there must be some understanding between the two. Dear me, why can't I hear as well as see?"

"H'm! there he goes, and the Frenchman sits there looking down at something. I'll bet there's some underhand business going on between these two, and I'd give a lot to know what it is."

The boy turned his glass out to sea and swept the horizon, but saw no sign of a sail. Then he looked along the beach again and saw that Darkleigh had disappeared. Looking for the Frenchman, he saw that the latter had arisen



and was walking toward the spur of rock upon which the ship had gone to pieces. Suddenly he saw something white in the air, and observed that the Frenchman was acting in a most excited manner. At once his heart gave a great bound, for he thought he had seen a sail. In a moment he realized that this was not the case. What he saw was a slip of paper, which the sun, shining upon, brought out in full relief against the dark body of the sea. It arose in the air and the Frenchman ran along the beach, evidently hoping that it would fall.

"Ha! Down it comes, now it's on the rock, he's sure to get it this— No, sir, he hasn't; it's gone again! My, how it sails away, just like a bird!"

Lowering the glass, Dick looked for the paper and presently saw it sailing high in the air, a mere white speck upon the blue. Then it fell and grew more distinct, the wind seeming to be wafting it in the direction of the castle.

He lost it again, its edge being evidently turned toward him, and then something else attracted him, and he forgot it. A party was coming along the beach at a rapid pace, almost a run, in fact, and in the distance another party, which could be only savages by their appearance. The boy seized the glass and eagerly scanned the two parties.

"It's our fellows and a lot of cannibals in pursuit of them," he muttered. "Hi! I must get down and lower the ladder. I wonder if the girls are with 'em!"

Making all haste to descend, he left the spy-glass in the general sitting-room and almost flew down the stone steps till he reached the ledge in front of the tiger hole. Then he heard shots, and looking down, saw a party of seven or eight hurrying along the valley, pursued by fully fifty cannibals.

"It's our fellows," he muttered, and at once began to lower the ladder, the windlass being easy to manage even by a boy.

The ladder reached the ground as the party arrived at the foot of the rock. Two or three at once began clambering up, those at the bottom covering the retreat. Dick helped the two girls and one of the sailors to alight, and by that time the others were on the ladder.

"Haul away!" shouted Val from below.

Bill Dwight, the sailor, began turning the windlass crank as fast as he could, and Dick gave him all the help of which he was capable.

"Hallo! Wait a moment!" shouted some one.

Dick looked down and said:

"They're above the barricade and some of them are getting off. Better stop till you hear 'em signal, Bill."

There were Vaal, the professor, Ted Mainhall and Darkleigh below. They had left the ladder and were now in the path at a point which commanded the lower stages up to the barricade. The cannibals had begun to swarm up the path, hoping to overtake the whites. They had been unable to seize the ladder, but evidently imagined that there was a good road all the way to the top.

The whites had opened fire on the cannibals not with powder and ball, but with loose stones.

"We don't want to kill 'em if we can help it,"

said Val, "but only to let them know that we don't want them here."

The savages soon reached the barricade, and realized that they could go no further. They tried to reach the top by climbing upon one another's shoulders, but they were quickly dislodged by a shower of stones. Many were hurled from their places, and went plunging over the precipice, and many were badly bruised by the missiles hurled at them. Seeing that they could not get to the enemies, they retired and began to form at the foot of the rock.

The cannibals seemed in no haste to depart, however, for they squatted in groups at the base of the rock, as if there were no need of haste. It was not long, however, before Dick came down and said to Val:

"There'll be more of these fellows before long. They've been sending out scouts in different directions. I saw them from the tower."

"And Bob and Neb and Tom are out there somewhere. We are not strong enough to sally out upon them, or we might drive them away."

"I'll go up and see if there's any sign of the others," said Dick.

At the end of half an hour he came down again and said:

"There's a party coming through the woods to the east of us, away at the head of the valley."

"Can you make out how many there are, Dick?"

"No, but I should think there's as many as what's down here. I could see their spears."

"And you didn't see any sign of Neb or Bob?"

"No, but there's a fire somewhere on the north. The smoke shows quite plain. The convicts may have a camp there."

"Go up again, Dick, and hoist the Stars and Stripes. We'll fight these fellows under the old flag if it comes to a battle."

Half an hour later Dick came down again and reported having seen the smoke of a campfire to the south of Castaway Castle, distant fully two miles, he thought, and also that several parties of the natives were resting within the groves on the edge of the plain, evidently waiting for night to come on before showing themselves.

"I'll bet there's two or three hundred of 'em," he said. "I wouldn't be in the shoes of those French fellows to-night, for if the savages don't get at us, they may take out their spite on the convicts."

Nellie now came down and said that they would all better have something to eat if there were going to be a siege, and that supper was ready.

"I'll stay on guard," said Darkleigh.

Dick gave Ted Marshall an expressive wink. "And I'll keep you company, Mr. Darkleigh," said the carpenter. "You might be lonesome here all by yourself."

Darkleigh smiled and said that he would be charmed, and then the others went up, some through the Tiger Cave and some outside. Dick beckoned to Val, and when they reached the great main chamber the boy said:

"Mr. Darkleigh had a talk with the convict leader this afternoon."

"He did? Where?"

"On the beach, and Darkleigh gave the French-



man a piece of paper which the wind afterward took out of his hand. I saw it all from the tower."

"By George, this is serious!"

"Afterward I found the piece of paper lying in a little nook in the wall of Castaway Castle, and here it is."

"Why, what's this? A banknote for one hundred pounds on the bank of—— Heavens and earth, the Bank of Australia of Melbourne!"

"Dear, dear, good gracious, wasn't that the bank that was robbed just before we left Melbourne?"

The professor suddenly appeared in the entrance.

"Yes," said Val, "but what of it?"

"Oh, nothing," said the other dryly, "only that I have a newspaper containing a list of the numbers of the stolen notes, if I have not mislaid it."

## CHAPTER VII.—Rescued from Cannibals.

Bob Ratchett, Neb, the cook, and Tom Keeler, one of the sailors, had gone off by themselves early in the day and were not of Val's party. They had taken a southerly direction along the coast, for the purpose of making some further explorations of the country, and did not expect to return till evening.

They were all well armed, besides being provided with axes, in case it became necessary to cut a path through the woods. When noon came they had made considerable progress, and had discovered several fertile valleys watered by rivers of moderate size, together with several groves of bread fruit and banana trees. They had met with no cannibals and neither had they seen any signs of a wreck, which was a further proof that the convicts had lied about being shipwrecked.

"Those fellows escaped from some penal colony to the south of us," said Bob, "and weren't wrecked at all. The island, if it is an island, and I don't see how it can be anything else, is settled by whites at some place, and if we travel far enough we'll come across 'em."

"Mightn't it be Australia that we're in after all, Bob?" asked Tom.

"No, it isn't; it's some other place, but whether it's New Zealand or New Guinea or New Caledonia, I don't know."

"Reckon it am all new to me, Marse Robert," said Neb, with a laugh. "Bred'ren, de time ob triberlation am at hand. Le's pray."

"That means that we'd better be moving," said Bob. "Come along. The coast is getting too wild for us here, and we'll have to take to the woods."

They broke camp, put out the fire, gathered up their belongings and set out upon their journey. In the course of an hour Neb suddenly exclaimed:

"Le's pray, bred'ren. I heah some one comin', an' it ain't nobody wha' we care fo' ter meet."

Bob listened, and distinctly heard the steady tramp of a large body of men traveling through the forest.

"They're coming this way," he said. "Let's keep to the right and let 'em pass."

The party came on at a rapid rate, and pres-

ently Bob could hear the sound of singing and shouting and beating of drums. Before long the sounds grew so loud that Bob and his friends concealed themselves in the thick undergrowth for fear of being seen. In a few minutes a large party of cannibals came up and halted in an open glade within a few rods of where Bob and his friends lay concealed. After a parley between the leaders of the party, which numbered more than a hundred, a portion left the grove and proceeded north.

Bob crept carefully forward, and soon discovered to his utter amazement that there were four white men with the savages. They were prisoners, beyond a doubt, and their fate soon became evident. Two of the whites were striped to the waist and secured firmly by stout thongs to two small trees. The two were Captain Wakefield and Dr. Howard, their faces being turned toward Bob's place of concealment so that the young fellow had no difficulty in recognizing them. He could see only the forms of the others, and judged them to be sailors.

A large fire was lighted in the center of the open space, and in the hottest part of this was presently placed a stone jar filled with glowing coals, into which several long, strange-looking instruments of iron were placed. After a little while one of the savages, entirely naked, but having his body painted with strange devices, and his black woolly hair standing out nearly a foot from his head, went up to the tree where Dr. Howard was tied. With a keen knife he suddenly made long but not deep gashes in the prisoner's body and across his arms. He evidently was at great pains not to sever any muscles or arteries, merely making painful but not serious wounds. Another savage did the same to Captain Wakefield, Bob meanwhile looking on in horror but fearing to interfere. In fact, the thing had been done so quickly that there had been no time for interference. Then wrapping a wet cloth about his hand, one of the savages seized a red-hot iron from the stone jar and plunged it into a deep dish which one of the cannibals brought him. Instantly a pungent, stifling odor arose.

The dish contained ground pepper and the rod was now covered with it. Advancing towards Dr. Howard, the inhuman wretch laid the seething iron upon one of the cuts in his victim's arm. Bob could no longer endure the sickening spectacle. He sprang to his feet, threw his rifle into position and fired. No aim could be truer. The savage fell dead at his victim's feet with a bullet in his brain.

Crack! Crack! Two shots answered Bob's like a double echo. Two more cannibals fell like logs and never arose. For an instant the cannibals appeared thoroughly paralyzed. Then Bob, Neb and Tom sprang into their midst. With his ax Neb brained three of the savages in rapid succession, the men falling before him like stalks of grain under the scythe.

"De day ob trial an' trouble am a-comin' bred'ren. Le's pray."

Bob quickly fired again and then, brandishing his ax, he cleaved his way through the ranks of the startled savages till he reached the doctor's side. A few swift blows served to cut the thongs that bound him. Tom did the same for the



skipper and Neb released the two sailors. Each of these was given an ax, while Bob thrust a revolver into the captain's hand. Neb caught up the doctor, who had fainted, and threw him over his shoulder. Then, wielding his ax like the veritable giant he was, he cut down all who opposed him.

Bob and Tom fired once more upon the savages, who fled terrified, and then, with a sweep of his ax, Neb overturned the stone jar and scattered the fire in all directions. There were many tufts of dry grass and moss here and there, and these quickly caught the flames and spread them.

"This way!" cried Bob. "These black fiends will soon return and they far outnumber us. This way!"

Then he dashed off in a northerly direction, the others following. Presently turning as they ran, Bob, Tom and the skipper sent a volley into the savage ranks, three or four of their number falling heavily to the ground. This held the cannibals in check for a few moments. Bob's party increased its lead, and kept straight on without stopping to further harass the enemy.

Meanwhile the underbrush was all aflame. The cannibals were obliged to fly for their lives, and the fugitives were for a time unmolested. By the time that a score of the enraged blacks concluded to renew the chase, their enemies had gained considerable ground.

"Keep right on!" cried Bob. "We might knock over a few of these wretches, but there's plenty more behind and we mustn't let 'em catch up."

They presently reached a stream and Bob plunged in, holding his rifle above water and crying:

"Come along, they can't track us now, and we'll get ahead while they're looking to see whether we've gone up or down stream."

The others followed, making their way up stream, the water reaching scarcely to their waists. Neb still bore the doctor on his shoulders, although the latter had recovered, and asked to be put upon his feet.

"Jus' yo' neber min' me at all, Marse Doctor," said Neb. "Ah kin ca'y yo' jus' as easy as nuf-fin'. Le's pray."

"But I am perfectly able to walk, Neb, and will not hinder you as I do now. You must allow me my way in this."

Neb finally consented, and they soon came to a place where the trees hung low over the stream, so that, at a short distance, unless one were actually in the stream, the explorers could not be seen. They made their way as rapidly as possible, keeping perfectly still, so as not to attract the attention of the savages.

They heard the shouts of the latter at some distance, and knew that they must be puzzled to know in which direction the fugitives had gone. At last sounds of pursuit died away, giving place to noise of firearms in the north, which greatly puzzled the castaways. They left the stream at last, and Bob climbed a tall tree from the top of which he could see Castaway Castle.

"The castle is being besieged by a lot of savages," he reported, when he came down. "We are between two fires."

## CHAPTER VIII.—The Tables Turned.

After a short consultation among the members of the little party, Tom Keeler climbed the tree, having the keenest eyes of any among them. He remained in his lofty perch a long time, and then came down to make his report.

"There's a lot of the black scamps in front of the castle, and a good many came in while I was looking," he said. "I reckon they've sent runners out, for I can see two or three signal fires."

"We might light one ourselves," suggested Bob. "It might draw off some of the cannibals, and if we entrench ourselves well, we can make it warm for them if they attack us."

"That's a good plan," said the doctor. "It may not attract the savages to us either, for they will take us to be one of their own parties, and in that case we will escape molestation."

A large fire was speedily lighted, and soon the smoke of it arose above the trees in a dense column. Tom went aloft again, as he expressed it, and remained there for a considerable period.

"They've got the flag flying," he reported, "and there's a lot more black imps in the valley. There's no firing going on, and things are quiet, but I guess the cannibals are waiting for darkness to make an attack."

"Dat am jus' de time we want to be dere," said Neb. "Ef we can pick off a lot o' dem brack debbils, so much de better. Le's pray."

"A good idea," said Captain Wakefield. "There are seven of us, and we ought to be able to do a good deal of work attacking the enemy's rear. I say that we go on."

"Good!" declared Bob. "We'll leave the fire burning, so as to attract these fellows, and then go on and be ready to join in the fight when it begins."

The fire was replenished, and then the reinforcing party set out. They reached the southern edge of the valley at the foot of Castaway Castle just before sunset. Presently Neb was missing, and Bob asked what had become of him.

"He's all right," said Ben Bight, one of the sailors rescued with the captain.

It grew dark very rapidly after the sun went down, and presently the beating of drums was heard.

"They are beginning the attack," muttered Bob. "Why doesn't Neb come? Where is he, anyhow?"

"He's all right," said Ben again. "Don't you fret, Bob."

Fires now began to shine in the darkness on all sides, and Bob, looking out from the edge of the wood saw numerous dark bodies moving across the open space. Then a bright light shone from the tower of Castaway Castle, as though a fire had been lighted there. Then a shout was heard, answered by the rattle of musketry.

At the moment when Bob was beginning to grow most anxious, a strange figure burst into their midst. It was that of a giant negro, nearly naked, with an ax in one hand and a bundle of spears in the other. Bob was about to raise his rifle when the negro called out:



"Don' yo' do dat, Marse Robert, don' yo' do it! Le's pray!"

"What! You, Neb?"

"Yas'r. I'se a cannonbull, I is. You see dem spears?"

"Yes."

"Dat's what I done took from de oder cannon-bulls, Marse Robert. Don' I look like a reg'lar camomile m'se'f, Marse Robert?"

"Indeed you do, Neb."

"Come wif me, folks," he said, "an' I show you sumpin'. Le's pray."

Neb quickly conducted the party to a ledge of rock rising from the level plain to a height of twenty or thirty feet, surmounted by trees and bushes. It adjoined an isolated needle of rock reaching out from the rock of Castaway Castle, but forming no part of it.

"Jus' yo' stay here," said Neb, "an' when yo' see a party o' dem cannobulls come up yer, jus' yo' let 'em hab it, on'y be cahful not to hit de fellah wif de torch, fo' dat'll be Nebuchadnezzar. Le's pray."

With that Neb disappeared. The attack on Castaway Castle was now progressing fiercely. Bands of cannibals with torches in their hands could be seen hurrying up the winding path to take the places of those who had been hurled from the rock. Showers of spears were hurled at the brave defenders, who answered with stones and bullets. Man after man of the cannibals fell from the path, dead or dying, but still they pressed on.

Suddenly Bob heard a shout, and saw a large party approaching the ledge where he and his friends were concealed. They were led by a giant negro, bearing a torch, who was jabbering to them in some incomprehensible dialect. It was indeed incomprehensible, for Neb was shouting out the most utter gibberish, gesticulating wildly meanwhile, and pointing to the spur just to the right of the ledge. The cannibals understood their strange leader to mean that this was a means of executing a flank movement upon the castle.

They supposed that the place could be attacked at another point, and that Neb was showing them the way. On they came, and when just abreast of the ledge, Neb suddenly waved his torch and shouted:

"Gib it to 'em, Marse Robert, let 'em hab it. Don' min' me, but jus' yo' gib it to dem. Le's pray."

In an instant Bob and the rest opened fire. Each of them picked out his man, and as soon as he had fired, reloaded as rapidly as possible. They all had firearms, for Neb had left his behind. They were all careful not to hit Neb, who still waved his torch and kept shouting at the top of his voice. Then, suddenly swinging his ax, with one hand he cut down three or four of the enemy at one blow. The cannibals shouted to their mates, and soon a large party came to the rescue, deserting the main body.

"Keep firing," cried Bob. "We've lots of shots left, but every one of them must tell."

Suddenly the dry grass at the foot of the ledge burst into flame. Neb had set it on fire with his torch. The light enabled the ambushed castaways the better to see the enemy, and every

shot fired was fatal. Neb had disappeared, but just as Bob was wondering what had become of him, a startling incident occurred. At the top of the ledge, upon a shelving rock which jutted out beyond the trees, there suddenly appeared a bright flame. In the midst of this stood a gigantic black figure, waving two blazing torches.

Bang, bang, bang! Crack, crack, crack! His fingers seemed to shoot out fire, but Bob knew what it was. Neb had bound two torches to his wrists, while in his hand he held two revolvers which he now discharged rapidly. This strange spectacle was too terrible for the cannibals. They looked upon it as an evil omen, and quickly broke and fled in all directions. Shot after shot fell among them with deadly effect before they were out of range. Then with ringing shouts the little party made a brave dash for the path leading to Castaway Castle.

Val and his friends recognized their voices and poured in a deadly volley upon the savages yet in front of the barricade. Then they paused as the reinforcing party rushed up the path. In a few moments not a cannibal remained on the path.

"Let down the ladder!" shouted Val.

The cannibals below were beginning to warm up again. The castaways sent a leaden rain upon them, and from above came a shower of great stones. Then down came the ladder as far as the barricade. Up scrambled Bob and his friends, and when all were safely on up went the ladder again. Castaway Castle was reinforced, and now nothing could wrest it from the hands of its defenders except treachery.

## CHAPTER IX.—The Castle Seized by a Traitor.

For more than an hour the cannibals vainly attempted to capture Castaway Castle, being repulsed at every turn. Scores of them were killed or badly wounded, and they seemed to make no headway against the whites, strive as they would. Again and again they seemed to be on the point of getting beyond the barricade, when a deadly volley would be poured upon them, and a score of their fiercest soldiers would be shot and thrown headlong from the cliff.

At last, finding that their efforts were in vain, they withdrew as the moon arose above the trees, and the valley below became deserted and as silent as the grave. Two men remained on guard at a point which commanded the base of the great rock of the castle, while the rest retired to the rooms above. For the first time since their rescue Val had now an opportunity to welcome his father and the skipper, although he had fought side by side with them for fully half an hour.

"You don't know how glad I am to see you again, dad," he said, pressing his father's hand. "We had all given you up as dead."

"We feared the same for you, my boy," answered Dr. Howard, "and not till we met Bob and his party did we know how well you had fared."

"Have you been with these canibals ever since the wreck?" asked Bob.



"No," answered Captain Wakefield, "but we've had all the acquaintance we want with the wretches. We've been with 'em two or three days now, and before that we fell in with a lot of lubberly land sharks that were nearly as bad. After the wreck, the morning after, the doctor and I and two or three of the men and Mr. Blake found ourselves on the coast to the south of this place, having been carried there on a bit of the mainmast. Not knowing that any more of us had survived, we started toward the south, subsisting on fruit, fresh water, and a few mussels we found on the beach. There we met a lot of Frenchmen, under the lead of a fellow named Gregorie Daban or something like that, an escaped convict. They robbed us, and when we got away the cannibals caught us. Well, you found us just in time, for the savages were going to make short work of us, but with a place like this to live in there's no danger."

"Where did the convicts escape from?" asked Bob.

"We could not ascertain," said Dr. Howard. "I caught the names of two or three of them—Roger Laforge, Pierre Grosjean and Roaul Beaufoi, all of them desperate fellows and criminals of the worst type. The man Gregoire has been a forger, I think."

"He's a hard lot, anyhow," said Bob. "He looks like a cutthroat, and I wouldn't be surprised if he hadn't murdered more than one man in his day."

"You know him, don't you, Mr. Darkleigh?" asked Dick suddenly, the boy having been a listener up to this time.

"I?" said Mr. Darkleigh, with a sudden start. "Why, what makes you—"

"I saw you talking to him the other day," said Dick, boldly.

"Ha, ha! well, yes, I do come to know strange people in knocking around the world," said the other, with an uneasy laugh. "Yes, I have met this man Gregoire before; that is to say, I have seen him. It was in Paris, at his trial. People will go to famous trials, you know," he continued, looking around at the others, "and his was a most celebrated one."

"What was it about?" asked Val.

"Forgery, I think; yes, I am sure of it. He made counterfeit bank of France notes which were so good that they could hardly be detected from the original. I attended the trial every day, and saw the man sentenced. Naturally, I recognized him yesterday, and stopped to speak to him, until his friends came along, and then, as discretion is the better part of valor, I made haste to get away from the disagreeable fellows."

"Quite right, sir," said Bob, while he and Val exchanged significant glances.

The professor had retired and the girls now declared that they were too sleepy to stay awake any longer while Darkleigh suggested that maybe Val and his father would like to be together after their separation. Before long all had retired, and Castaway Castle was silent and dark. The two sentinels paced the terrace below, occasionally humming a few snatches of some sea song, while now and then could be heard the cry of a night bird or the howl of some wild animal.

The moon arose over the castle and threw its

outlines into bold relief, while below in the valley all was dark, no light or campfire or signal torch being seen. For a day or so the life of the occupants of Castaway Castle was without incident. The place was made more comfortable, and its defenses were strengthened, but no efforts toward further exploring the secret caves beneath it was put forth. Darkleigh continued his attentions to Nellie, which were alike distasteful to her and to Val, although neither said much.

Uncle Val went frequently into the woods and along the coast, and would be gone for hours at a time, sometimes accompanied by Dick and one of the sailors, now and then by Dick alone, and occasionally entirely by himself. Neb was the chief cook and the two girls were the housekeepers, the others being purveyors, defenders or sentinels, according to circumstances, no one being idle.

Even Darkleigh would sometimes bring in game or some choice fruit, and would now and then entertain the company with song or story, always wearing the same sweet smile, which showed all his even, white teeth. One day Val, Bob and the two girls went off for a stroll, Neb taking his gun and going with Ted Mainhall and two of the sailors, to secure fresh meat for the larder. Dick, Darkleigh, Captain Wakefield and Tom were left to guard the castle, the professor being no one knew where, probably with Dr. Howard on an exploring trip. Dick was reading a book which he had borrowed from Val, a rifle lying on the table before him, when Darkleigh looked in upon him, and said carelessly:

"I'm going down to the valley for a short stroll, my boy. Castaway Castle is safe enough with you to look after it, I fancy."

"Safer than if you had the charge, my darling friend!" muttered the boy. "I don't like you, for all your pleasant ways, and I mean to keep my eyes open."

In the course of half an hour Darkleigh looked in again, but said nothing. Then he went into the kitchen, where he found Tom sitting before the fire, fast asleep.

"Good!" he muttered. "Things could not be going better."

In the great chamber on the main floor he found the skipper poring over the strange figures along the walls.

"You haven't seen the curious caves under the Tiger Hole, have you, sir?" asked Darkleigh.

"No, I have not."

"Suppose we take a look at them. They are very strange."

"But the castle?"

"Oh, that's all right. Dick and Tom are on the lookout, and the ladder is drawn up."

"All right. I would really like to see the caves."

They descended to the Tiger Cave, Darkleigh bearing a torch. Lifting the slab over the stairway with the skipper's assistance, he said:

"I'll hold the light till you get down, captain. You'll see beter."

"All right!" and the skipper went down.

No sooner had his head disappeared below the opening than the stone fell with a dull sound. Darkleigh instantly rolled others upon it.



"So—so, my friend," he laughed. "I caught you. and now for the rest."

Hurrying into the outer air, he hastily lowered the ladder. In a few moments up came Gregoire and two others.

"Where are the rest?" demanded Darkleigh.

"In ze woods. Zis is Pierre, and zis is Roger. Laroque, Dufrois, Painchaud and Sabot are waiting for ze ladies."

"Come on, then, Gregoire, and we will secure the others. There are only a sleepy sailor and a boy."

The traitor led the way, and the two Frenchmen followed. Dick heard footsteps, looked up, and saw two convicts.

"Betrayed!" he gasped, "and by that scoundrell!"

The Frenchman sprang at him as he arose from the table, and sought to detain him. He overturned a chair, seized his rifle, swung the table between himself and his pursuers, rushed from the room, and dashed up the incline leading to the tower. At the top, within a day or so, a platform had been built, with a trap-door in it, for the better accommodation of the lookout. Up ran Dick till he reached the trap, through which he bounded, closing the door after him.

"There!" he cried. "They haven't got me, and if I don't raise an alarm before long I'm not the boy I think I am."

## CHAPTER X.—The Girls Captured.

While the events recorded in the preceding chapter were taking place Val, Bob and the two girls had started to return. They were crossing the open space when Val suddenly saw the flag hauled down from the tower.

"Hallo! What does that mean?" he cried.

"Come on!" cried Bob. "Something is wrong!"

Then all pressed forward, Val assisting the girls. Suddenly the flag was run up again. This time, however, the blue field with the stars on it was upside down.

"A signal of danger!" gasped Val. "What can it mean?"

At that instant four men rushed out from behind some bushes. In an instant Bob was thrown down. Val was surrounded. Before he could resist the two girls were torn from him. Then he was thrown violently to the ground. In an instant the girls' captors were flying toward the foot of the rock. They reached it, and began climbing the ladder. The two young men leaped to their feet, seized their rifles and dashed forward. Bob reached the foot of the rock and fired upward. A ball struck the foot of one of the convicts. The shot was well aimed, and calculated with the utmost nicety. Had the bullet swerved to the right or to the left by as much as half an inch one of the girls would have been injured. The convict uttered a cry of pain and clutched frantically at the rope.

Then the ladder was drawn up beyond the young sailor's reach. Both Val and Bob fired, taking the most desperate chances. The ladder had swayed for a moment, and the shoulder of one of the convicts was suddenly exposed for

an instant. Val fired at precisely the right moment. The bullet struck the convict, and he cried out with pain. He fell from the ladder, and dropped upon the path, six feet below. Bob had fired at the same moment that Val had. He struck Pierre in the leg, and caused him to lose his hold. The man fell heavily behind the barricade, and lay like one dead. Then the convicts on the terrace in front of the Tiger Hole returned the boys' fire. The bullets sped wide of the mark, however. The ladder was quickly drawn up, and the girls taken into the Castle. The boys fired again, resolving to do as much damage as possible.

Val's shot took effect, but Bob was too near the rocks to take good aim now. The flag was still flying, union down, and Val muttered, as he and Bob retired to the shelter of the bushes:

"There is one friend up there, at all events. Who were left in the castle, do you know?"

"Young Dick was, and Tom and the professor, I think."

"Hallo!" cried Bob suddenly, peering out, "there's somebody on the tower alongside the flagstaff."

"It looks like Dick," said Val, glancing upward.

"So it does. That youngster is true as steel."

"Who, then, was the traitor?" muttered Val, with a dark look.

"I don't know, just because I ain't sure that your polite cousin wasn't left there."

Val was about to reply when there came a hail from down the valley, and three men were seen approaching. They were Dr. Howard, Neb, and Ten Mainhall.

"The castle has fallen into the hands of the enemy," said Val to his father. "Where is the professor? Wasn't he with you, dad?"

"No, and I don't know where he is. Was he not left at home?"

"Can't say, sir," answered Bob. "Nobody can account for him. He may be there, and he may not. I had a notion he was, but I ain't sure."

Dick was now seen signaling from the tower and presently something white went darting through the air. It fell within forty feet of the base of the rock, but in an exposed position.

"Dick has sent a message," said Val. "That is a paper weighted with a stone, I have no doubt. I am going to get it."

Val left the others and kept on towards the shore, being soon out of sight. For a long time they saw nothing of him. In the meantime Neb and the two sailors who had gone with him had returned. They joined Dr. Howard, Bob and the others, and waited for some sign of Val. More than an hour had passed when Bob, looking out, said, with a puzzled expression:

"It strikes me that that bush over there has changed its bearings since I first noticed it."

"H'm!" said Neb; "dat am a reg'lar savage trick, dat am. Le's pray!"

He was about to raise his piece to his shoulder when Bob seized his arm.

"Stop! That's Val, and he's working toward that white spot on the ground. That's the paper that Dick threw down."

For a long time they watched the bush, which changed its position almost imperceptibly. The convicts could be seen patrolling the terrace, but



they had evidently not discovered Val's bit of deception. Suddenly loud shouts were heard from the castle. A party of men had entered the open space from the direction of the coast. They were the remaining convicts.

The convicts gained the ladder, but three lost their lives before they succeeded in gaining the top. Then Val ran for the woods, and was met by Dr. Howard, Neb and the carpenter. Val now read the note he had captured. It said:

"Castaway Castle in the hands of the convicts. Betrayed by Darkleigh. Tom a prisoner. Captain shut in cave.  
DICK."

Val and his friends now consulted, and it was determined to go around by way of the ravine and so gain the other side of Castaway Castle. While on their way they came across a stairway between some columns they had not seen before. They descended and found themselves in a passage, which they followed and after a while heard voices. Proceeding cautiously, they suddenly came across the two girls, the professor, the skipper, and Dick, who had escaped from the tower and had led the party down into the cave, to get away from the convicts.

Then our friends made their way into the cave below Castaway Castle to be in readiness to retake the castle from the convicts. Suddenly they heard a voice outside and recognized the voices of Neb, Dr. Howard and a couple of sailors who were attacking the convicts there. Our friends rushed out of the cave and joined in the melee. The convicts were soon put to flight, and several had been killed. The Castaway Castle had been recaptured. Several weeks passed by and things were quiet at the castle. But Graham Darkleigh was carefully watched for treachery.

But a terrible calamity was imminent. One day a fierce thunder-storm broke out, and the castle was rended from top to bottom by lightning bolts, so that the castle was untenable. Our friends were compelled to retreat to the underground cave. After they had accomplished this, Nellie was missing. Val went to her room and found an open valise lying on the floor. It contained gold and money in packages, mostly Bank of England notes. The valise belonged to Darkleigh. Shoving the valise aside, Val hurried from room to room called Nellie's name. Not finding her, he returned to his friends.

## CHAPTER XI.—Found At Last.

The storm continued to rage with the utmost violence. The lost explorers were perfectly safe in the lower chamber of the castle, but every now and then, when there came a more deafening peal, the very rock seemed to shake, and they wondered what new calamity had befallen their strange home. Provided with lanterns and thoroughly armed, Val, Bob, Captain Wakefield and Ted Mainhall started to explore the lower regions of the castle to try and discover Darkleigh's hiding-place. The searchers went into the Tiger's Cave, descended into the well where the gold was found, and then into the cave of

stalactites without finding any trace of either Darkleigh or his captive. They searched the larger cave under the tiger hole with the same result, and then even went back to the very end of the stalactite cave and emerged upon the brink of the ravine, where the storm was still raging in all its fury.

"There is just a possibility," spoke up the carpenter, "that there is a chamber between the Tiger's Cave and the well-hole under the cellar. Here is a rough draft of the Castle which I have made. You can see that there is room for such a chamber."

They had withdrawn into the cave of stalactites, the force of the storm being too furious for them to endure even in the shelter of the basin outside the cave. Val looked at the paper which the carpenter showed him, and said:

"Yes, there seems to be room for a small chamber where you say, but where is the entrance?"

"In the cellar, next to the second pillar, the one containing the stairs."

They retraced their steps, ascending to the well-hole, and thence to the cellar, where they found most of the party seated around a fire awaiting their return.

"Well?" asked Dr. Howard.

Val walked carefully along the apartment till he had passed the first pillar, and struck the floor with the stock of his rifle. A hollow sound was given out.

"There is another chamber, sure enough!" he cried.

At that very moment Dick came rushing in from the room above, and cried:

"The upper part of the Castle is all on fire, set ablaze by the lightning!"

"Never mind that!" exclaimed Bob. "Get a crowbar or a pick, anything, a knife even, and see if we can pry up the stones."

There was a sudden crash, and then the professor entered from the Tiger's Cave.

"Dear, dear, good gracious, you never saw such a sight!" he exclaimed. "The Tiger Cave is fairly swarming with wild animals. I barely escaped with my life!"

Just then Tom came running down one of the open staircases leading from the main apartment, crying excitedly:

"There are fifty or more cannibals on the terrace by the windlass, and a lot of them on the path above. We are surrounded."

"Never mind the cannibals. We have other things to think of!" stormed Val. "Here, bring a light."

The burly negro came hurrying into the cellar from no one knew where, bearing a heavy sledge hammer.

"Let's pray!" cried Neb, as he raised the hammer, and brought it down with terrible force on the stone at Val's feet.

There was a hollow sound, and the slab split right in half.

"Hallo! There is a room under here!" roared Bob. "Again, Neb!"

The coon struck again, and the stone was splintered, several small fragments disappearing. Bob and Val tore away the others, and an opening the size of a man's body was revealed.



There was also a steep and very narrow flight of stone steps brought to light.

"This way!" cried Val, picking up the torch he had dropped and entering the opening. "Be careful. The steps are very dangerous."

Scarcely had his head passed below the level of the floor, when his ears were saluted with:

"Stop where you are! Another step, and I will shoot you like a dog!"

The voice was Graham Darkleigh's.

"The scoundrel!" cried Val, hurling his torch from him, and throwing his rifle to his shoulder. "There is but one argument to use on you, and it is this!"

"Stop!"

The torch fell on the floor, and by its light Val saw Darkleigh standing at the bottom of a small rock-built chamber, scarcely ten feet in height, holding before him the unconscious form of Nellie Wakefield.

"Fire at the peril of her you love best of all!" cried the miscreant, with a scornful laugh.

At the same instant Val heard in the room above the stern command uttered in French:

"Dare to move, any of you, and you are dead men!"

## CHAPTER XII.—The End Of A Misused Life.

The situation of the explorers was a desperate one. Hemmed in by enemies, both brute and human, threatened by fire and storm, their loved ones exposed to deadly perils, they were, indeed, in fearful straits. Suddenly, as Val stood on the narrow steps leading to the chamber below, he saw the torch on the floor send up a quick gleam of light. Then he felt a cold draught upon his face. In an instant a stone in the wall was thrown down and a man burst into the cave.

It was Gregoire Desbains, the chief of the convicts.

"Ah, it is you, traitor!" he hissed. "It is you, the man who have betray me to ze police, who have try to deliver me to ze man you yourself betray."

Darkleigh was evidently so surprised at this sudden intrusion that he forgot Val entirely. The young explorer began rapidly and cautiously descending the treacherous stairway.

"So you betrayed your old comrade in crime in Paris, and now you would betray zose who defend you, zose who save you from ze police at Melbourne? I have hear of zat. What you do wit ze young ladee?"

"That is my business!" snarled Darkleigh. "I never betrayed you, it——"

"Zat ees a lie! Zere is here, in New Caledonie, escape from ze quarry, a man who have know you in England, in France, in Australie, in Amerique, tout partout, a man who know that you have betray me and him."

"Nonsense! No one can prove that—it is false!"

Val had now nearly reached the bottom of the cave without having been observed.

"Throw up your hands, both of you!" he suddenly cried.

Gregoire looked up, thrown for a moment off his guard. Darkleigh suddenly leaped upon him,

letting Nellie fall to the floor. The torch was trampled upon and went out, leaving the place in semi-darkness. There was a piercing cry, and then the sound of a fierce struggle. Val leaped into the cave, and guided by the light from above, threw himself before the prostrate form of the girl he loved dearer than life. The two combatants were struggling fiercely, and Val feared that Nellie would be trampled to death. The fighters suddenly disappeared as an awful crash was heard, the cave being illuminated as though by the light of day.

A great mass of rock had suddenly been torn from the wall of the cave, which at this point was thin, and the two desperate men plunged through the opening thus made. For an instant Val saw them on the path outside struggling desperately, Gregoire's face streaming with blood, Darkleigh's eyes shining with a fierce light like that of a madman or a hunger-crazed wild beast. Then they both disappeared, and Val kneeled by Nellie's side and sought to revive her. The rain beat in at the breach in the wall, but the fresh air which followed it seemed to strengthen the fainting girl, for she moved and at last asked:

"Ah, Val, have you indeed rescued me from that villain?"

"Yes, yes, my darling, but we are still in great peril."

There was a sudden flash, and Val's blood seemed to freeze in his veins. Gliding in at the opening in the wall, as if seeking shelter, came a huge serpent. For an instant Val saw its shining scales—saw the gleam of its evil eye and the quick movement of its deadly fangs. Then the light from above fell upon it, and he saw it rear itself to strike. Quickly darting forth his hand, Val caught the venomous creature around the neck and flung it from him out upon the path. Then he heard a sudden commotion above. One of the convicts put his head to the opening and called down.

"Gregoire—captain, are you there? What shall we do——"

"Gregoire is not here," answered Val. "He has gone."

Suddenly the convict came tumbling headlong down the breakneck stairs and lay in a heap on the stone floor.

"Le's pray!" cried Neb in the room above. "Dat's de las' ob dat fellah."

"Neb!" cried Val.

"Yes, Marse Valentine."

"Are you all right up there?"

"Yes," answered Bob, for the cook. "What's the matter down there?"

"I have found Nell. Send down a rope. I dare not try to carry her up these narrow steps."

"Ay, ay!"

In a few moments Nellie was drawn up into the room above. Val soon followed and found his friends in a state of siege. Tom and Ted guarded the entrance to the well hole, the doctor watched at the top of one flight of stone steps and the captain at the other.

"We let two of the convicts come in," said Bob, "and then shut the rest out. Neb sent one of them down into the cave. What was the trouble down there?"



"Darkleigh and Gregore fought it out. They have disappeared."

"Dead?"

"I don't know. The last I saw of them they were fighting madly on the path."

"Sh! I hear something!" muttered the doctor, rifle in hand. "Someone is coming!"

There was a sudden chorus of fierce cries above. Then a figure appeared at the top of the staircase guarded by Dr. Howard.

"Stop where you are!" he commanded.

"Save me, save me!" cried Darkleigh, as he came reeling down the steps.

Then he fell headlong and rolled to the bottom, where he lay like one dead. They fired upon the savages who came rolling down the steps. Some were shot and some were uninjured, but all seemed filled with dread.

### CHAPTER XIII.—The Departure of the Cannibals.

Graham Darkleigh's evil life had ended most tragically. The fall down the steps had killed him, but it was speedily seen that he could not have lived long. He was bleeding from several wounds and one of these would eventually have caused his death. No more of the cannibals appeared, although it was likely that there were many of them in the rooms above. They had found a shelter in Castaway Castle, and it was not likely that while their terror lasted they would molest the whites. Nevertheless a strong guard was posted at the top of each of the several stairways to prevent their coming down. There was no sleep for anyone that night, for the storm was still raging without, and there were enemies to be faced.

"How did Mr. Darkleigh manage to carry you away, Nell?" asked Val, at length.

"It was at the time that the light went out," returned the girl. "He suddenly seized me before I had time to cry out, and holding his hand over my mouth hurried me down into the great main chamber."

"From there he carried me down the path and into the cave below, an entrance to which he had found within a few days.

"He swore that he would keep me there till I promised to be his wife, that he meant to let in the cannibals and the convicts, and that all of you would be sacrificed before he would give me out."

Toward morning the storm seemed to have greatly lessened in violence, the thunder being less frequent, and the rain ceasing to drive so furiously. At sunrise Bob went down to the Tiger's Cave, and out upon the terrace where the windlass stood. The wild animals had all departed, having apparently recovered from the terror which had driven them to seek shelter so near the abode of man. The rain had ceased, although the sky was still overcast, and the wind no longer blew with its former fury. Looking up, Bob saw that the tower was completely gone, and that the upper part of the castle was blackened with smoke, the vines scorched and torn away from the rock, and the roof opened to the wind and rain.

Below great trees had been uprooted, where they had sprung from the rocks, and in many places the path had been destroyed. As he looked, Bob saw several of the cannibals come out upon the terrace in front of the main doorway and gaze about them. Suddenly on the path below him, near where the barricade had been built, lay the body of a man. It needed only a glance to see that it was Gregoire, the pale face upturned to the sky, the rigid limbs, and a great cut on the head showing that he was dead.

"So that's the end of him," said Bob. "He won't trouble us any more, nor his companions, either, I fancy."

The cannibals now began to gather in considerable numbers on the terrace above, and Bob, not knowing what they might do, and not daring to trust them too far, returned to his companions. He reported what he had seen, and a discussion arose as to the best means of getting rid of their unwelcome tenants. Suddenly, while they were all sitting around talking over their plans, a most violent vibration was felt.

"Hallo, we've dragged our anchor—we're adrift!" cried Bob.

A second and more severe shock was presently felt, accompanied by a decided rumbling sound.

"It must be an earthquake!" cried Captain Wakefield, "though I did not think that——"

"Dear, dear, why, certainly we are right in the volcanic belt," said the professor. "The line passes through the northern part of the island. I would not be surprised to find volcanoes here, although earthquakes are more common."

"If the poor old castle is shaken down by the earthquake," said Dick, "we'll have to find a new home, and I was getting so fond of this one."

"We must have had a shock or two last night," declared the doctor, "which would account for the violence of the storm. These shocks usually come in threes, so we may——"

As he spoke there came another vibration and a terrible feeling, as of sea-sickness, affected most of the party. At the same time a chorus of terrified yells was heard outside, followed by a sound as of stones rattling down the sides of the rock.

"Dear, dear, I hope that's the last!" sputtered the professor petulantly. "If those heathen cannibals remain with us after that, I shall be very much surprised."

"Suppose we go up and look?" suggested the carpenter.

Several of the party hurried to the great main chamber above. Not one of the cannibals was to be found. Going outside, they saw the cannibals racing down the path as fast as they could go, many of them falling from the rocks in their made haste.

"The old fellow was right," laughed Dick. "They must imagine the place inhabited by evil spirits. I'll bet a dollar they'll never trouble us again."

"Right you are, young us," laughed the carpenter. "Just see 'em scamper. They can't get down fast enough. Ha! there goes a lot of 'em pell-mell over the precipice."

"If them rascally frog eaters down in the caves will only be frightened off in the same way," said



Tom, "Castaway Castle will be a much better place to live in, I can tell you that."

"Yes, but it's nothing to what it was," sighed Dick, "with the tower gone and all the upper part a blackened ruin. There's no lookout, now."

"I reckon we might find worse quarters," said Ted, "with the rainy season coming on and all that. We will be glad enough to be here, my boy, before we're through."

"Le's pray, bredren," they heard Nebuchadnezzar say from within.

"What's the trouble now, Neb?" asked Dick, with a smile on his face.

"No trouble 'tall, Marse Richard, only yo' breakfus' am all ready, and yo' bettah come; git all col' and spiled."

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

The cannibals had departed, and there was small chance that they would ever trouble the lost explorers again. The Frenchman had also gone, and for much the same reason that had frightened the natives away. In the cave of the stalactites they found two bodies crushed by masses of rock that had fallen from the roof. The natural bridge over the ravine had suffered greatly from the storm and the earthquake, and was now impassable. On the edge of the ravine they found two of the convicts, and these implored them to spare their lives and show them a way out of this terrible place. They were led through the caves to the tiger hole, and told to go their way, the prisoner being released at the same time. They bore the bodies of Gregorie and the other away with them, and buried them in the valley, the castaways performing the same office for Darkleigh.

The rainy season was now at hand, and although there were no storms as violent as the one they had just experienced, there were many which were sufficiently so to make the old ruin a welcome abode for the ensuing two months. It was impossible to rebuild the tower or restore the upper story of the castle, and the main chamber and the cellar were fitted up with every comfort that was at hand. Much of their former fittings had been destroyed by fire and tempest, but it was still possible to make the castle very comfortable, and this was done. The entrances to the caves were permanently blocked up, as no one had any desire to make further explorations, and henceforth they were occupied only by bats, snakes, and such wild beasts as found their way to them. The path along the outside had been so broken away that it was considered foolish to try and rebuild it, and the ladders were therefore the sole means of leaving or gaining entrance to the castle. The explorers saw no more of the convicts, and whether they had returned to the penal settlements and had given themselves up, or had fallen victims to the savage beasts and men of this part of the island, was never satisfactorily answered.

On one occasion Dick saw a vessel under close reefs beating against the wind far out to sea, but his signal was unanswered, and the vessel

soon disappeared. For the next two or three months the life at Castaway Castle was rather a monotonous, albeit a happy one; the inclemency of the season preventing any extended excursions, the explorers being often confined indoors for an entire day at a time. Dr. Howard and the professor had plenty to occupy their minds, and Val, Bob and the girls did not lack for subjects of conversations, of course, while Dick eagerly devoured all the books that he could get possession of. In some strange way the valise containing the ill-gotten gains of Graham Darkleigh disappeared mysteriously, and was never discovered. Many of the secrets of the man's checkered career were thus forever left unsolved, and Dr. Howard never sought to put together the missing pages in the life of his misguided cousin. He was now beyond the pale of earthly justice, and the dwellers in Castaway Castle thought of him only in kindness now, and spread the mantle of charity over his many shortcomings. Neb had full opportunity to display his skill as a cook, and the men occupied themselves in fitting up the castle and in constructing numerous mechanical devices by which their labor was greatly lessened. At last the season of storms passed away, and everything was once more bright and beautiful.

The question as to their future now naturally interested the lost explorers. They could not live forever in their home on the great rock, and they began to talk of plans for reaching civilization. They continued to live at Castaway Castle, therefore, until one day, to the great joy of all, little Dick saw a vessel making for the island. He at once spread the news, fires were lighted on shore, and a signal run up on the highest point of the rock. The vessel proved to be a bark bound for Australia, the captain having put in for fresh water, his supply having unexpectedly given out. All hands went on board, and a last farewell was said to the home of the lost explorers, which was never again visited by any of the party, and which may still remain uninhabited, for all we know to the contrary.

Many years have passed since then, and numerous have been the changes that have taken place. Val and Nellie have been married many years, and the former is now as great a scientist as ever his father was. Bob and Ethel followed the example set by their friends, and the gallant young sailor is now master of his own ship, of which Dick, formerly cabin-boy of the Nantucket, is now the chief officer. Captain Wakefield has long since retired, the sailors have scattered to the four winds, while Neb, now an old man, is a deacon in the church, and on occasion can get up as fine a supper as one would want to eat.

Now and then, Val, Bob and Dick, with their wives and children, meet and talk over old times, and among their many memories of the past none are so pleasant or so often dwelt upon as those which relate to the many happy as well as stirring days which were spent at Castaway Castle.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOY PROSPECTORS; or, THE TRAIL OF THE CLUBFOOT BEAR."



## CURRENT NEWS

## WHERE DOGS ARE FREE

In Venice a dog can go anywhere with his master, even to the hotel table, where, if he is paid for at the same rate as his master, he may take his food. If he accompanies the boss on one of the noisy steamers that destroy the poetry of the Grand Canal he must be paid for exactly as if he were a human being.

All over the Continent of Europe the rights of people with dogs are recognized—at a price. One can take a dog into any compartment of a train, including the wagon, but first it is necessary to buy a third-class ticket for him. In Italy he travels a little more cheaply. There when one is getting his baggage weighed (and paying for the billet) one buys another for the dog, which costs one-half of third-class rate. Provided with this ticket the dog is admitted to wherever his master goes.

ARIZONA BOYS WIN PRIZES KILLING  
36,000 GOPHERS

A contest in which 1,135 boys of Maricopa County, Ariz., participated recently resulted in the killing of more than 36,000 pocket gophers. The contest was conducted by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, the University of Arizona co-operating. The interest and co-operation of the business men of the valley added greatly to the success of the campaign.

Each boy was given a trap and instructed as to the most effective way of catching the destructive pocket gopher. The total cost of this huge catch was \$178, or about half a cent per gopher.

Under the old bounty system these rodents would have cost the county \$1,800 at 5 cents each. In addition it is estimated that 36,000 pocket gophers would have damaged fruit trees, ditches and fields to the extent of at least \$10,000 a year, if they had not been killed.

MAN STARVES TO DEATH; \$37,000 IN HIS  
POCKET

The mysterious J. H. Smith, who starved to death at West Palm Beach with \$37,000 in cash in his pockets, actually was Judson Howard Smith, who owned realty in Los Angeles and a ranch of several hundred acres at Falls City, Neb.

A letter in his meager effects bore the name of A. D. Newkirk, who when informed of the death telegraphed that Smith was his brother-in-law and directed that the body be sent to Falls City.

Smith was a familiar figure on West Palm Beach's main street for years. He never wore a hat, never shaved, always carried an umbrella and dressed in a Palm Beach suit. He seldom responded when addressed and never began a conversation.

Such food as he ate, usually peanuts, popcorn and bananas, was eaten out of a paper sack as he stood on the street bareheaded and with the umbrella on his arm.

When he was sent to a hospital after remaining in his room at a cheap lodging house for three days he repulsed food and nourishment was given him hypodermically. He died of starvation, without explaining his antipathy to food.

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# Chased To China

— OR —

## HOW DAN SAVED HIS GOOD NAME

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XX (Continued).

"I understand from the answer that an appointment had been made, and as I wished to know what went on I retired to my room but left the door partly open. Within ten minutes a man came into the room where my uncle was sitting, and thanked him heartily for the warning, and then asked what the move was that had been spoken of.

"My uncle said that as the boys were very determined, and seemed to have money to help them in their pursuit, that the best thing to do was for Sam to get away from France as soon as possible, and in order to give him a little time it was proposed that my uncle should take you two to the Mabilles, and seat you close to some friends who would get you into trouble, and thus afford an excuse for the men to attack you and injure you badly enough to lay you up for many days and perhaps for many weeks.

"This was agreed to, and the man called Sam went away, and then I came out from my room and denounced my uncle for his treachery towards one who had saved my life, and told him that I would not sit idly by and permit it.

"At first he was angry, and swore that he would have his way, but in a little while he changed his manner and said that I was right, and that it would be an awful thing to do, but the cunning villain did not mean a word that he said.

"He lulled me into a false sense of security, and then, when I went to my room to finish dressing for dinner, he slyly turned the key in the lock and walked away.

"It was a half hour later before I had finished dressing and went to the door. When I found that I was locked in I did not know for a few minutes what to do. To create a scene, such as would surely result from an outcry, was disagreeable, and I tried hard to force the door, but at length had to give that up. Then I remembered that you two were in peril if my uncle's scheme was carried out, and that put an end to my hesitation. I screamed loudly, and kicked at the door, but my room was at the end of the small three-room suite that we had taken, and it was some time before my cries were heard and a maid unlocked the door. Then I flew to the telephone and called up the Rederton agency and was at once answered.

"The rest of the story you know. Fortunately we were just in time."

"Yes, and only in time," said Juillard. "You two boys are clever boxers, but you would have been borne down by mere weight of numbers, and that would have meant the hospital as an ending."

Dick Dale got up from his seat, crossed the room, and took the girl's hand in his own.

"I am satisfied that you saved me from a good pounding, and perhaps from broken bones," he said, "and I want you to understand that I am grateful for what you have done. Now I want to ask you what you intend to do, now that it seems that you must break with your rascally uncle?"

"I had thought of that," answered Henrietta, "and disagreeable as it would be, I had determined to pawn or sell enough of my jewelry to take me to New York, where I would ask my father's sister to have pity on me and to give me a home while I looked for employment of some kind."

"I have something else to propose," said Dick. "If you have confidence in Dan and me I want you to come with us until we can take you home to New York, where my mother will gladly employ you to complete her education and that of my sister in French. We will treat you as a dear sister, and while you are with us you shall want for nothing. What do you say?"

And Henrietta, glancing across the room to where Dan sat, and seeing the invitation repeated in his eyes, said:

"I know that I can trust you, so I accept your kind offer."

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### The Boys Discover a Lightning Change Artist In An Unexpected Quarter.

"There, that's happily settled," said Juillard, getting up from his seat and walking over to the telephone, "and while I have a talk with the manager at the agency you boys had better go down to the office and secure another room for the young lady, one as near to your own as possible, for she is evidently of value to Griswold Parmlee and he will certainly try to get her back."

"He'd better not try that," said Dan, clenching his fists, but he and his chum at once hastened to carry out Juillard's suggestion.

When they came back with the information that they had secured a room for the girl right adjoining their own, Juillard told them that the agency was taking every possible step to get on the track of Slippery Sam Cash, but that it might be several days before they got any trace of him. He expressed the opinion that after the arrangement had been made between Sam and Parmlee that the former had lost no time in leaving Paris.

Juillard went away, promising to keep the boys posted, and then the girl was escorted to her new apartment. She was told to lock her door, and not to forget that the boys were sleeping near her, and ready to fly to her aid at a moment's notice.

When the boys awoke in the morning the first thing they did was to do down to the office and inquire for Griswold Parmlee, and learned that he had not returned to the hotel.

"That means that he is alarmed," said Dick, "and has either left town or is in hiding."

Two days went by, during which Dan fumed and fretted because time was flying and his enemy probably getting further and further away from him, but he did not know where to follow and was forced to wait.

(To be continued.)



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### SIX GUESTS AT MASONIC DINNER AVERAGE 338 POUNDS

A ton of humanity divided among six widely known members of the Masonic fraternity attended a dinner in Allentown, Pa., in honor of George Eisenbrown of Reading, potentate of Rajah Temple, Mystic Shrine.

The fat guests were Potentate Eisenbrown and his son, Fred Eisenbrown; John T. Kramer of Allentown, Edward Moore of Reading, Thomas Snyder of Palm and John Sefing of Allentown. Their aggregate weight is 2,032 pounds, each man averaging more than 338 pounds.

### INDIAN TEMPERANCE

The Volstead urge has hit the Sioux Nation. At least, it has hit the old braves, who have come to the conclusion something must be done to keep the younger ones sober.

Therefore, the Sioux Indians stationed on the Fort Totten reservation near Devils Lake, N. D., have organized the Indian temperance society, whose purpose it is to induce the younger Indians and those older ones who still think they need "fire water" to get on the Volstead wagon.

The first act of the temperance society was to call upon Police Chief Peter Timboe of Devils Lake and ask his co-operation. A number of younger Sioux braves, when they drive into Devil Lake, have been in the habit of buying lemon and vanilla extract, canned meat and other things containing alcohol.

The Indians requested the police chief to use his influence to prevent the various merchants or others in the city selling extract or canned meat to the Indians, and they offered to enlist themselves as special officers to arrest the young Indians for intoxication.

### MUD ON MINE FIRES

Fighting fire in mines is a slow, tedious job and since the dawn of mining has been considered almost a hopeless undertaking. Rich mines in many parts of the world have been burning for generations. Underground fires no longer are considered unquenchable. In the Butte district, Mont., a process of fire fighting has been developed by a mining company which is salvaging an ore body of tremendous extent. Fires that have been burning for fifteen years in three connecting mines are being smothered under 1,000,000 tons of mud.

At the end of 1922 2,000,000 tons of metalliferous ore, containing, according to expert estimates, at least 80,000 tons of copper, once more will be accessible.

Sand, decomposed rock and other materials which came originally from the stopes and were discarded as tailings in the process of copper extraction, simply have been turned back into the fire area. Water, which in many cases has proved its usefulness as an extinguisher of underground fires, is used for transportation. It conveys the

tailings down to the fire regions, 1,200 to 2,200 feet underground, where the soup-like slime fills the abandoned drifts, cross-cuts and stopes and literally smothers the fire.

### OLD BASEBALL SALARIES

Baseball managers and players of a quarter of a century ago received salaries that appear ridiculous as compared with the fabulous sums which those of to-day are said to receive, according to information brought to light by a Chicago sporting writer. "Cap" Adrian Anson is said to have received the princely sum of \$2,700 for managing the Chicago White Stockings in 1888, the year after he had finished the season with a batting average of .421. And of this amount \$700 represented his services as acting captain and manager of the team, the major portion being his salary as a player. R. E. Smith, of Chicago, claims to possess the contract. Smith also has the contracts signed by N. Fred Pfeiffer and Edward N. Williamson when they consented to play in the Brotherhood League in 1889. These two players were talked of at that time as the greatest in the game. The Chicago club paid Williamson \$3,000, while Pfeiffer, one of the greatest of all second basemen, received only \$2,000 and the score-card privilege.

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## THE SILVER KEY

By KIT CLYDE

"Yes, we employ female detectives," said a detective friend of mine, the manager of an agency, which has done remarkably skillful professional work.

"Female detective are often of the greatest service to us; and if you will wait here for a few minutes, I will introduce you to one of the most expert ladies in the detective business," he added.

Half an hour elapsed, and then the detective bowed his visitor out of the office, and almost immediately a petite, sprightly little lady, elegantly attired in the height of fashion, and a pronounced brunette, entered the office.

She was very pretty, and her manner was that of a refined lady.

My friend introduced me, and we chatted pleasantly, and I at once discovered that the lady detective was vivacious and witty and an exceedingly entertaining conversationalist.

"Tell him the story of the case you worked up single-handed and alone—tell him the story of 'The Silver Key,'" said my friend, the veteran detective.

"Shall I?"

"By all means."

"Then the story of 'The Silver Key' it shall be."

For a moment she was silent, collecting her thoughts, I suppose, and then she began:

"It was one night in the spring of 1881, and I was at the Union Depot, in Chicago, waiting the arrival of the midnight train from the East. Some business, not connected with the occurrences which I am about to relate, called me there. There were not many people at the depot at that hour, but as I stood in the main entrance on Canal street, I saw a covered carriage drive up, and a handsome young gentleman and a beautiful young lady alighted.

As they passed under the gas light of the main entrance to the depot, I had an excellent view of the young couple.

They were very much alike, so much so in fact that the resemblance almost assured me that they were near relatives.

Both were elegantly attired—they were indeed wearers of the "purple and fine linen," and the coachman upon the box of the carriage, from which they had alighted, wore a handsome private livery.

I entered the depot and took a seat near them. Then, from their conversation, which was carried on in a tone of voice sufficiently loud for me to hear all they said, whether I cared to do so or not, I gathered that they were brother and sister, and that they had come to meet their father, who had but recently landed in New York upon his return from Europe, and whom they expected to arrive in Chicago by the midnight train.

I was not interested in their conversation. A few moments went by, and the shrill whistle of the expected train sounded in the distance.

Directly the glaring eye of flame formed by the vividly reflected light of the circular headlight

flashed in the distance, and with a shriek of the whistle, a ringing of the bell, and a buzz and whirr of wheels, accompanied by a roar of escaping steam, the iron horse dashed up to the depot and the train from the East had arrived.

The crowd surged out of the coaches, and all was stir and bustle, noise and confusion, while the hackmen shouted themselves hoarse, and the passengers jostled each other as they hurried along the thronged platform.

A tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a small thick mustache, stumbled against me, and without a word of apology dashed away and was lost in the surging crowd.

As this man passed me something fell from his pocket, and stooping to pick it up, I discovered that it was a silver key.

As I stood examining it—for it was too late to think of overtaking the rude stranger who had dropped it—someone touched me on the arm, and turning quickly I found myself face to face with the young gentleman whom I had seen arrive with the young lady in the carriage with the liveried coachman.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the young gentleman, politely, and in a quick, well-intonated voice which plainly told that he was a gentleman, he added:

"Will you tell me, please, how you came by that key?"

"Certainly, sir; I just picked it up from the platform floor. A young man, who was immediately thereafter lost in the crowd, lost it."

"That key is the property of my father," said the young man, with his eyes fixed upon it.

"Your father?" I said in surprise.

"Yes; and if you will examine the key you will find my father's name—the name of James Travers—stamped upon it," the young man said.

I did examine the silver key which had accidentally fallen into my possession, and I found, as the young man stated, that it was indeed stamped with the name James Travers. I looked at him questioningly.

"Step this way, miss, and I will explain to you why the finding of that key is to me an occurrence of importance."

I followed him into the depot.

He introduced me to the young lady.

She proved to be his sister, as I had presumed.

"I expected my father to arrive from New York on the train which has just come in, but he has not come, although he telegraphed me from New York to meet the twelve train to-night. Now, the finding of the key which you picked up, and which locks a small valise in which my father carries valuables, has awakened a suspicion—coupled with the fact of his non-arrival—that some harm has befallen him," said the young gentleman, whose name was Edwin Travers.

His sister echoed her brother's fears.

"Oh, brother, the man who lost papa's silver key may have murdered our father," she cried, with tears in her eyes.

I scented a case.

"You a detective!" exclaimed Miss Travers, regarding me as though I were a *rara avis* in a museum.

"I am glad to meet you," said Mr. Travers, "and you can be of the greatest service to me.



perhaps, if anything has happened to my father. Will you aid me?"

"Assuredly I will."

"Good!"

"The first thing to do, Mr. Travers, is to telegraph to your father's New York address, and find out whether he really left that city or not as he intended to," I said.

"I'll do it," he replied.

He ran to the telegraph office in the depot, and sent the dispatch.

"As soon as you receive an answer to your telegram, call and let me know," said I, giving him my card.

Very well, the next morning, just as I had come from breakfast, Mr. Travers called.

"Have you heard from your father?" I asked.

"Here is his answer to my telegram," was Mr. Travers's answer, and he handed it to me.

"Edwin Travers, Chicago, Ill.—I am safe, but my small valise, in which the silver key belongs, and containing \$40,000 in government bonds, securities, notes and money, has been stolen; and I remain in New York to try to find it by detective aid.

JAMES TRAVERS."

"The man who dropped the silver key is the thief," I exclaimed.

"I presume so," answered Edwin Travers.

Mr. Travers left, and I began my work.

I first inserted the following, under the head of "Lost and Found," in *The News*.

"Found, a silver key, in the Union Depot, Monday evening, May 3d. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this 'ad.' Call at 104 State and C——, in Tony Washington's barber-shop.

TONY WASHINGTON."

Tony was a colored barber, and secretly he often did a little detective work for us among the colored crooks in "Ethiopia," as Third avenue is called.

That same day a well-dressed colored man—a real African dude of the most utter sort—called at Tony's and stated that the lady who had lost the silver key, which he accurately described, had sent him for it.

I was concealed in a closet and heard all that went on. Tony told him to call in the evening. I determined to black myself up.

That evening, sure enough, the darky called, accompanied by a small, fashionably-dressed lady, who was as dark as I am.

"I understand that you found the silver key belonging to my husband, which I dropped in the depot," she said to Tony.

Then she minutely described it.

"Sorry I forgot dat key again, but I'll write a note, and your man here can run and board a cable car and get it in a few minutes," said Tony.

He wrote a note and handed it to the lady, who gave it to the colored dude and told him to make haste to bring the key.

As soon as he was out of the shop Tony gave a signal and I appeared before the lady.

"You are my prisoner!" I cried, and before she recovered from the surprise we had handcuffed her.

We slipped a gag in her mouth, and when the darky returned with the key which Tony had

really left at home according to my directions, I sat in the shop, my veil down, and the darky never seemed to suspect that I was not the lady he had left there.

I took the key, paid Tony, and we left the shop.

Scarcely a word was exchanged as I followed my leader to Michigan avenue, and when we paused before an elegant mansion, he said in a voice which was that of a white man:

"Well, we have the key all right, Ada; now I'll get the black off and meet you in the garden in a few moments, if you will wait for me there."

A basket of flowers sat on the bench, and a few moments later, as the man who had personated a negro returned, with his face white, I arose with the basket in my hand to meet him, but I kept my face partially turned away so that he could not get a square view of it.

Instantly I recognized him as the man who had lost the key in the depot.

We went into the house, and he led me into a room where a large trunk stood, and left me.

No sooner was he gone than I pulled out a bunch of false keys and opened the big trunk, which was full of plunder, and on top of all was the valise which had been stolen from Mr. Travers, and which—though I omitted to say so—Edwin had described to me so that I could recognize it at once.

At that moment I heard footsteps, and closing and locking the trunk, I sprang to the door just as the woman I had left a prisoner and the man whom I had deceived entered.

They rushed at me, and before I could get out my revolver I was overpowered, and they bound and gagged me.

"When night comes we'll drop her in the river, and her death will be a mystery."

"But first I must take that trunk to the depot, Ada. You keep an eye on the door of this room until I return," said the man, and they went out and locked the door of the room in which the large trunk stood.

I had a knife ring on my finger.

I managed to work the spring and get the blade out, and in a trice I was free. I then tried the door of the room in which the trunk stood, but it was locked.

Then an idea occurred to me, and opening the big trunk I noiselessly placed all its contents, except the valise, in the closet, and closed the door; then I took my place in the trunk and let the lid fall, the spring lock snapped, and it was secured.

A moment later the tall, broad-shouldered crook and an expressman came up and carried the trunk into the street, placed it in a wagon and drove to the depot.

They deposited the trunk and left, having checked it to St. Louis; but as soon as they were gone I made my presence known, and the baggagemen forced the lock and let me out.

I was nearly suffocated and badly bruised and shaken up, but as soon as I got out of the trunk I started with a couple of policemen for the house to which I had tracked the man who lost the silver key.

We overtook him at the gate and arrested him.

The woman, his accomplice, was also arrested in the house, and they eventually confessed that they had stolen the valise in New York.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1922

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## INTERESTING ARTICLES

## FIND A PREHISTORIC CITY

A prehistoric city at the foot of a volcano was discovered recently by explorers of the National Museum of Mexico.

Half of the buried city is surrounded by a stone wall eight to twenty feet wide at the top and containing twenty-eight pyramids about 100 feet above the débris of centuries covering them. The ruins apparently are of as great a city as the famous Tectihuacan, a show place of Mexico.

## CIRCLING THE GLOBE IN A SAILBOAT

Four Austrian sportsmen plan to sail around the earth in a boat of 12 tons displacement, 46 feet long. The vessel will be provided with a small six-horsepower motor for use in emergency. Two Americans have already accomplished this feat—Captain Slokum, in a voyage lasting from 1895 to 1898, and Captain Flemingday, from 1912 to 1914. In a third attempt, by two British officers in 1913, the men lost their lives between New York and England.

## DOG AND SNAKE IN BATTLE

Workmen on a State road job at Chillisqua-que, ten miles west of Sunbury, Pa., interrupted a battle between a big collie dog and a vicious rattlesnake. They were attracted by the ominous whirring of the rattlesnake and saw the dog with its tail still and crouching as though to spring. Twice the snake struck, but missed, the dog evading its fangs with lightning-like jumps. When the party approached the snake turned on the men, who killed it after a battle. The reptile measured four feet two inches long, and had 19 rattles and a button.

## FOX PUPS REARED BY RANCHER'S CAT

For pups have been reared by mother dogs, it is said, but it has remained for a Maine silver fox ranchman, Frank A. Harvey, to bring up a litter of fox pups with a cat foster-mother.

Pussy still wanders interestedly about the big fox runs where the last season's pups have grown to her own size, and would still fondle them if she could. But Mr. Harvey believes that they

would make a meal of her to-day if they could reach her.

"I wanted to see how far I could go in semi-domesticating these foxes," he said. "Every one knows how wary the fox is. Frightened by dogs, or guns, or strangers, and unable to bury or hide the newly-born pups, the mother may kill them by just carrying them around in her fear. So I have been trying to overcome the fox's fear of man and animals.

"I felt that if I could raise a litter of the fox pups on a mother cat they would become accustomed to our handling them, fondling them, talking to them, accustomed to strangers and the barking of dogs, and learn their protection from all harm while in our care.

"We had our difficulties. We had to give over the whole lower floor of our home to the experiment, but it was worth while for once, although I am afraid the trouble would deter us again.

"The pups responded to the treatment and show confidence and playfulness with me and no fear of visitors, passing dogs or the occasional hunter and his gun in the woods near by."

## LAUGHS

"Ever speculate in corn?" "Just once. Never again. Got my wife by finding a red ear at a husking bee!"

"How old is your little brother?" inquired Willie. "He's a year old," replied Tommy. "Huh! I've got a dog a year old, and he can walk twice as well as your brother." "That's nothing. Your dog's got twice as many legs."

First Tramp—Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true. Second Tramp—Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long trousers. Now, I guess I wear them longer than almost anybody in the country.

"Son, why don't you play circus? It's great fun. First you make a sawdust ring." "Where'll I get any sawdust, dad?" "Here's the saw. Just saw some of that cordwood into stove lengths. You can have all the sawdust you make."

"My father and I know everything in the world," boasted a small boy to his boon companions. "All right," answered the latter. "Where's Aisa?" Then the first speaker proved himself a true if budding diplomat. "That is one of the questions that my father knows."

Finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," a facetious doctor asked: "When Shakespeare wrote about 'Patience on a Monument' did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," said the lady, "you find them under monuments, not on them."

"What sort of a tablet shall we erect over your grave when you are gone?" they asked of the man who had long suffered. "Well," said the cheerful victim of stomach trouble, "I think a dyspepsia tablet would be as appropriate as any."



# PLUCK AND LUCK

## GOOD READING

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### WRANGELL ISLAND REACHED

The vanguard of the Stefansson expedition, consisting of four whites and four Eskimos with Commander Crawford as leader, reached Wrangell Island late last summer, with conditions very favorable. Plenty of drift-wood was found with which to build shelters and maintain fires, auguring comfort for the winter which the party intends to spend on the island. Wrangell is a most popular resort for polar bears, and sufficient animal food seems assured. Stefansson will join the party later and expects to spend several years in the Arctic, mapping the undefined boundaries of Wrangell Island and collecting other geographic and geologic data.

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### GOLD LOST IN MAIL IS SOON RECOVERED

The story of how two \$20 and one \$5 gold piece enclosed in a pasteboard coin-holder were sent through the mail in a two-cent stamped letter, lost on the way and subsequently recovered has been disclosed at the Post-office Department.

Recently a prominent business man of Washington, D. C., whose wife is spending the summer in Maine, wrote her a letter placing the \$25 in gold inside of it without registering the communication. The letter reached his wife safely with the coin-holder intact in the envelope and the natural assumption was that the money had been stolen.

A complaint was made to Postmaster Chance of the Washington post-office and an investigation followed although little hope of recovering the money was entertained. Inquiries were made along the route which the letter took in being dispatched to its destination in Maine with the result that in a few days a reply was received from the postmaster at Boston to the effect that two different railway mail clerks operating on trains between New York and Boston had located the money and had turned it over to the Boston post-office.

One clerk had found one of the \$20 gold pieces and the \$5 gold piece while the other clerk had found the remaining \$20 gold piece, the coins on account of their weight having worked out of the envelope in the course of handling. The money was promptly delivered to the wife of the Washington business man in Maine.

"This incident," said Postmaster General Work to-day in commenting on the report of the recovery, "reflects generally the sterling integrity of the postal service."

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### A DIAMOND RUSH NEAR KIMBERLEY

A few days ago it was wild and rocky veld where only the slinking jackal could be seen. A lone man prospecting had stumbled across some small diamonds and in a night the wilderness was replaced by a medley of tents and tin shanties, cafes, dining rooms, stores, billiard saloons and a merry-go-round blaring forth noisily. This was

Mosesberg, which the South African Government had made a proclaimed area and decided that claims were to be pegged out in the old-fashioned style of a rush.

Mosesberg is sixty miles from Kimberley. On the day announced for the rush motor cars, ox wagons, donkey wagons and a miscellaneous collection of mining gear had assembled there. The crowd of men included the old hardened digger clad in corduroys and chewing steadily, and a sprinkling of youths, keen-eyed and prepared to race in khaki shirt and shorts. They were men of all nationalities, English, Dutch, Jew and a sprinkling of Kaffirs, all grasping their pegs, on which the owners' names were painted in bright colors.

The rush was to take place at 11 o'clock. As the hour drew near the men toed the line between two white flags. For a distance of four miles the rush extended. At five minutes to 11 the Inspector of claims mounted a rough box and a big Union Jack was held up beside him. He began reading a proclamation, while the diggers spat on their hands, grasped their pegs tightly and lowered their bodies for the start.

With a sudden flutter the Union Jack was lowered. A yell of excitement went up from over a thousand voices. The men plunged forward, running in all directions up the slope of the kopjes facing them. It seemed like the rout of some rabble army. Gradually, however, the fast moving mass came to a standstill as groups began to peg out claims. Mounted police were everywhere, giving instructions and advice to those participating in the rush.

Among those who rushed were a number of fast runners, several professional athletes being specially engaged for the purpose. Within a few moments the valley and kopjes were dotted with claimants. Many had chosen the same spot, especially those who had made a close study of the ground beforehand. In many cases the mounted police had to intervene or else a claims official was called in to settle the dispute. "The claim is yours," he would say curtly, and there the matter would end. His justice was of the rough and ready fashion well known and respected on the diamond fields. Once established some of the diggers were not long in getting pick and shovel to work. One digger had hardly pegged out his spot when he had about ten Kaffir boys digging it.

The Mosesberg rush will long be remembered, first because it was probably the biggest rush in the history of the diamond field, and, second, because there was a total absence of casualties. A Kimberley chemist with an eye to business was on the scene with bandages and lint, and as there was no call for his services he also participated in the rush. After the rush was over it was seen that there was still plenty of ground available for some thousands of diggers, good ground on higher reaches of the hillsides where the alluvial deposits are probably far better, richer and more accessible than those scattered below. No doubt this will soon be taken up, as after seven days each digger is permitted to peg five extra claims.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

### BRIEF BUT POINTED

#### PAGAN RITES

Probably the strangest burial service ever performed in this part of the country took place here when Tom Miller Costello, two-months-old son of Indian parents, was buried in the Winchester Cemetery, Winchester, Ky.

The body was brought here from Clay City, Ky., where the parents had been showing with a carnival company. The ceremony was performed by the great-great-grandfather of the child. Grape juice and some other liquid played an important part in the burial rites, which were accompanied by incantations that made the white man's graveyard sound like the Western plains.

Each of the Indians who assisted at the ceremony placed a number of pieces of small change in the coffin, after which the clothing and toys of the baby also were deposited beside the body to accompany it to the happy hunting ground.

#### "FINDS" WIFE'S JEWELRY AND GIVES TO POLICE

Robert Herman, a cotton planter of Greenwood, Miss., found a small chamois bag under his bathrobe after he had finished his morning swim at Asbury Park. Opening it, he discovered a brooch containing thirty diamonds, and a diamond lavalliere. He turned the jewelry over to Patrolman James Woodward, and went home to his cottage at 303 Brinley avenue.

There he told Mrs. Herman what had happened. She almost fainted, but then she reminded him that the bathrobe he had was hers, that the diamonds were hers and that furthermore he had given them to her for a birthday present. She took her husband to police headquarters, and after she had identified the jewelry and proven ownership they were turned over to her. The jewels are valued at about \$8,000.

#### TYPHOON IN CHINA KILLS 5,000 NATIVES

Telegraph lines between Hong Kong and Swatow are down, but details of the disaster at that port, due to a typhoon, were received at Hong Kong Aug. 5 by steamer.

The storm broke at 10:30 o'clock at night, and gathered force until daybreak, when it subsided, leaving death and destruction in the city and harbor.

The death list is placed at 5,000:

Hundreds of native craft along the waterfront were wrecked and their occupants drowned, while practically every house ashore felt the effects of the wind.

Several godowns, or warehouses, were badly damaged and their stock of merchandise ruined. Trees were torn up by the roots, telegraph poles snapped off, roofs carried away and houses laid flat.

Coasting steamers dragged their anchors, some of them over distances of two miles, and were pitched on land.

The water in the harbor rose rapidly until it was several feet deep in the shore line warehouses.

#### TELLS HOW TO CARE FOR YOUNG TREES

For years the Brooklyn Park Department has planted trees on city streets for property owners on receipt of nominal fees. At present there are more than 10,000 of these young trees set out in the borough.

Commissioner Harman, referring to the matter of caring for young trees, said:

"Unfortunately, we have not been able to give the trees the after attention they should have for their best development, owing to the small force employed on tree work, and in many cases the trees suffer from drought and lack of cultivation.

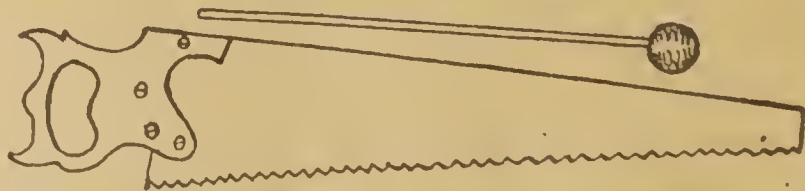
"A young tree should be watered once a week during the spring and summer if the weather is dry. Five or six pailsful (fifteen or twenty gallons) should be given at a time. This will moisten the ground thoroughly down to the roots. Watering every day is unnecessary and sometimes injurious.

"The soil should be dug lightly so as to break up the hard surface crust to a depth of not more than two or three inches, in order to conserve moisture, permit aeration and allow the rain to enter. As a rule trees should be cultivated about once a week or oftener where the soil is being constantly trampled on.

"A young tree can be thoroughly cultivated in above five minutes. The work is an advantageous exercise, especially for those who are confined in stores and offices during the day, as it will bring many unused muscles into play. If tried as an appetizer before breakfast or supper it aids your health, helps the tree and also instills a better appreciation of it."

Commissioner Harman said he will gladly furnish any further advice regarding the matter and asked for the co-operation of all tree lovers.

### Greatest Novelty of the Age Musical Handsaw



If you can carry a tune in your head, you can learn to play this instrument, and secure a job on the stage at a good salary. No musical education necessary. Struck with a specially made mallet the perfectly tempered saw produces loud, clear, rich tones like a cello. The same effect may be had by using a violin bow on the edge. Any tune can be played by the wonderful vibrations of the saw. It requires two weeks' practice to make you an expert. When not playing you can work with the saw. It is a useful tool as well as a fine instrument.

Price of Saw, Mallet and Instructions.....\$5  
HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York



# How I increased my salary more than 300%

by  
*Joseph Anderson*

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

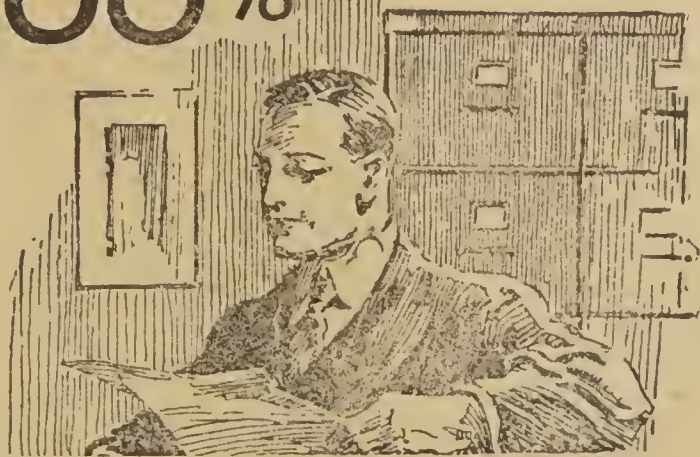
So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----  
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS  
BOX 4493 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELEC. ENGINEER               | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGER                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting & Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring              | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer           | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card & Sign Ptg.                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work               | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER          | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman         | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice        | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary                                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating         | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER               | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer & Typist                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping        | <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accountant                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R        | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER                                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER          | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer              | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                    | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder       | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman      | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder             | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer          | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEATING           | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker           | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt.    | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Banking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines                                 |

Name.....

Street.....

and No.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.



# WANTED- for murder!



## \$1,000 Reward

In a dirty, forlorn shack by the river's edge they found the mutilated body of Genevieve Martin. Her pretty face was swollen and distorted. Marks on the slender throat showed that the girl had been brutally choked to death. Who had committed this ghastly crime? No one had seen the girl and her assailant enter the cottage. No one had seen the murderer depart. How could he be brought to justice?

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OWNS MOST VALUABLE PECAN TREE

What is said to be the most valuable pecan tree in the United States is situated near Concrete, Tex. It is owned by A. B. Roth, a farmer, who was offered and refused \$1,000 for the tree as it stands. From the nuts of this tree Roth is planting a 100-acre pecan tree orchard. The trees are being planted in squares sixty feet apart. The nuts of the remarkable tree are large and of the soft-shell variety.

When the little pecan trees are two years old they will be budded with buds from the parent tree, which will assure their bearing true to the original stock.

Roth, from a few trees on his place, sold over \$2,000 worth of nuts last year. As there will be 1,600 trees on the 1000 acres, and buds from only the best tree will be used, it should produce a fortune in ten years, according to pecan growing authorities.

Because of the deep rooting system of the pecan, the general farm work will not be interfered with, and the trees will not interrupt the growing of crops on the land, cultivation of which will force growth upon the trees, it is explained.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

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